



No. LXVIII.]

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IF IT BE POSSIBLE, AS MUCH AS IN YOU LIES, STUDY TO
LIVE AT PEACE WITH ALL MEN.

WAR!!

'O World!
O men! what are ye, and our best designs,
That we must work by crime to punish crime
And slay, as if death had but this one gate?'
BYRON.

WHAT IS MORE TERRIBLE THAN WAR?

OUTRAGED Nature. She is never tired of killing, till she has taught man the terrible lesson he is so slow to learn—that nature is only conquered by obeying her. . . . Nature is fierce when she is offended, as she is bounteous and kind when she is obeyed. Ah, would to God that some man had the pictorial eloquence to put before the mothers of England the mass of preventable suffering which exists in England year after year!—KINGSLEY.

How much longer must the causes of this startling array of preventable deaths continue unchecked?

FOR THE MEANS OF PREVENTION, AND FOR PRESERVING HEALTH
BY NATURAL MEANS, USE

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT,'

Prepared from Sound Ripe Fruit. You cannot overstate its great value in keeping the BLOOD PURE; as a means of keeping the system clear, and thus taking away the groundwork of Malarious Diseases, BLOOD POISONS, and all Liver complaints, or as a HEALTH-GIVING, COOLING, and INVIGORATING BEVERAGE, or as a gentle Laxative or Tonic in the various forms of Indigestion.

AT HOME, MY HOUSEHOLD GOD; ABROAD, MY VADE MECUM.

A GENERAL OFFICER, writing from Ascot, on Jan. 2, 1886, says: 'Blessings on your "FRUIT SALT!" I trust it is not profane to say so, but in common parlance I swear by it. Here stands the cherished bottle, my little idol—at home my household god, abroad my *vade mecum*. Think not this the rhapsody of a hypochondriac. No, it is only the outpouring of a grateful heart. The fact is I am, in common, I daresay, with numerous old fellows of my age (67), now and then troubled with a tiresome Liver. No sooner, however, do I use your cheery remedy, than exit Pain—"Richard is himself again!" So highly do I value your composition that, when taking it, I grudge even the sediment that will always remain at the bottom of the glass. I give the following advice to those persons who have learned to appreciate its inestimable benefits:—

'When ENO'S SALT betimes you take,
No waste of this elixir make;
But drain the dregs, and lick the cup
Of this the perfect pick-me-up.'

Writing on January 24, 1888, he adds: 'A year or two ago I addressed you in grateful recognition of the never-failing virtues of your world-famed remedy. The same old man now salutes you with the following:—

'When Time, who steals our years away
Shall steal our pleasures, too,
ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" will prove our stay,
And still our health renew.'

'EGYPT—CAIRO.—Since my arrival in Egypt in August last, I have on three separate occasions been attacked by fever, from which on the first occasion I lay in hospital for six weeks. The last two attacks have been, however, completely repulsed in a remarkably short space of time by the use of your valuable "FRUIT SALT," to which I owe my present health, at the very least, if not my life itself. Heartfelt gratitude for my restoration and preservation impels me to add my testimony to the already overwhelming store of the same, and in so doing I feel that I am but obeying the dictates of duty.—Believe me to be, Sir, gratefully yours, 'A CORPORAL, 19th Hussars, May 26, 1883.

'Mr. J. C. Kno.'

EUROPE, ASIA, AFRICA, AUSTRALIA,
AMERICA.

IMPORTANT TO TRAVELLERS.—'Please send me half a dozen bottles of Eno's "Fruit Salt." I have tried Eno's "Fruit Salt" in all parts of the world for almost every complaint, fever included, with the most satisfactory results. I can strongly recommend it to all travellers; in fact, I am never without it.—Yours faithfully,

'AN ANGLO-INDIAN OFFICIAL.'

CAUTION.—Examine each Bottle, and see that the Capsule is marked ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' Without it you have been imposed on by a worthless imitation. SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS.

PREPARED ONLY AT ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' WORKS, LONDON, S.E.

O BLESSED HEALTH! HE WHO HAS THEE HAS LITTLE MORE TO
WISH FOR! THOU ART ABOVE GOLD AND TREASURE!

'Tis thou who enlargest the soul and open'st all its powers to receive instruction and to relish virtue. He who has thee has little more to wish for, and he that is so wretched as to want thee, wants everything with thee.—STERNE.

ENO'S 'VEGETABLE MOTO.'

(A Natural Laxative, Stomachic, Bile, or Liver Tonic Pill.)

TO AID NATURE without force or strain, use ENO'S 'VEGETABLE MOTO' (a simple Vegetable Extract) in the form of a Pill, occasionally a desirable adjunct to ENO'S FRUIT SALT. They perform their work 'silently as the twilight comes when the day is done,' and the patient is much astonished to find his bilious attack, &c., has completely fled before the simple and natural onslaught of the MOTO. You cannot overstate their great value in keeping the Blood pure and preventing disease.

Eno's 'Vegetable Moto' of all Chemists, price 1s. 1½d.; post-free, 1s. 3d.

PREPARED ONLY AT ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' WORKS, LONDON, S.E.

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LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE.

JUNE 1888.

Eve.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'JOHN HERRING,' 'MEHALAH,' &C.

CHAPTER XLII.

ENGAGED.

IF a comparison were made between the results of well- and ill-considered ventures, which would prove the most uniformly successful? Not certainly those undertakings which have been most carefully weighed and prudently determined on. Just as frequently the rash and precipitate venture is crowned with success as that which has been wisely considered; and just as often the latter proves a failure, and falsifies every expectation. Nature, Fate, whatever it be that rules our destinies, rules them crookedly, and, with mischief, upsets all our calculations. We build our card-houses, and she fills a marble into them and brings them down. Why do we invariably stop every hole except that by which the sea rolls through our dyke? Why do we always forget to lock the stable door till the nag has been stolen?

The old myth is false which tells of Prometheus as bound and torn and devoured by the eagle; Prometheus is free and unrent, it is Epi-metheus who is in chains, and writhing, and looks back on the irrevocable past, and curses itself and is corroded with remorse.

What is the fate of Forethought but to be flouted by capricious Destiny, to be ever proved a fool and blind, to be shown that it were just as well had it never existed?

Eve hung back as Barbara led her to her father's door. Mr. Coyshe was in there, and though she had said she would take him she did not mean it. She certainly did not want to have to make her decision then. Her face became a little pale; some of the bright colour had gone from it when her temper subsided and she had begun to play at making rabbits. Now more left her cheeks, and she held back as Barbara tried to draw her on. But Barbara was very determined; and though Eve was wayward, she would not take the trouble to be obstinate. 'I can but say no,' she said to herself, 'if the creature does ask me.' Then she whispered into Barbara's ear, 'Bab, I won't have a scene before all the parish.'

'All the parish, dear!' remonstrated the elder, 'there is no one there but papa and the doctor; and if the latter means to speak he will ask to have a word with you in private, and you can go into the drawing-room.'

'But I don't want to see him.'

Barbara threw open the door.

Mr. Jordan was propped up in his bed on pillows. He was much worse, and a feverish fire burned in his eyes and cheeks. He saw Eve at once and called her to him.

Then her ill-humour returned, she pouted and looked away from Mr. Coyshe so as not to see him. He bowed and smiled, and pushed forward extending his hand, but she brushed past, with her eyes fixed on her father. She was angry with Barbara for having brought her down.

'Eve,' said Mr. Jordan, 'I am very ill. The doctor has warned me that I have been much hurt by what has happened. It was your doing, Eve. You were foolish last night. You forgot what was proper to your station. Your want of consideration is the cause of my being so much worse, and of that scoundrel's escape.'

'Oh, papa, I am very sorry I hurt you, but as for his getting off—I am glad! He had stolen my money, so I have a right to forgive him, and that I do freely.'

'Eve!' exclaimed her father, 'you do not know what you say. Come nearer to me, child.'

'If I am to be scolded, papa,' said Eve, sullenly, 'I'd like not to have it done in public.' She looked round the room, everywhere but at Mr. Coyshe. Her sister watched her anxiously.

'Eve,' said the old man, 'I am very ill and am not likely to be strong again. I cannot be always with you. I am not any more capable to act as your protector, and Barbara has the cares of the house, and lacks the authority to govern and lead you.'

‘I don’t want any governing and leading, papa,’ said Eve, studying the bed-cover. ‘Papa,’ after a moment, ‘whilst you lie in bed, don’t you think all those little tufts on the counterpane look like poplars? I often do, and imagine gardens and walks and pleasure-grounds among them.’

‘Eve,’ said her father, ‘I am not going to be put off what I have to say by such poor artifices as this. I am going to send you back to Lanherne.’

‘Lanherne!’ echoed Eve, springing back. ‘I can’t go there, papa; indeed I can’t. It is dull enough here, but it is ten thousand times duller there. I have just said so to Barbara. I can’t go—I won’t go, to Lanherne. I don’t see why I should be forced. I’m not going to be a nun. My education has been completed under Barbara. I know where Cape Guardafui is, and the Straits of Malacca, and the Coromandel Coast. I know Mangnall’s questions and answers right through—that is, I know the questions and some of the answers. I can read “Télémaque,” What more is wanted of any girl? I don’t desire any more learning. I hate Lanherne. I fell ill last time I was there. Those nuns look like hobgoblins, and not like angels. I shall run away. Besides, it was eternally semolina pudding there, and, papa, I hate semolina. Always semolina on fast days, and the puddings sometimes burnt. There, now, my education *is* incomplete. I do not know whence semolina comes. Is it vegetable, papa? Mr. Coyshe, you are scientific, tell us the whole history of the production of this detestable article of commerce.’

‘Semolina——’ began Mr. Coyshe.

‘Never mind about semolina,’ interrupted Barbara, who saw through her sister’s tricks. ‘We will turn up the word in the encyclopædia afterwards. We are considering Lanherne now.’

‘I don’t mind the large-grained semolina so much,’ said Eve, with a face of childlike simplicity; ‘that is almost as good as tapioca.’

Her father caught her wrist and drew her hand upon the bed. He clutched it so tightly that she exclaimed that he hurt her.

‘Eve,’ he said, ‘it is necessary for you to go.’

Her face became dull and stubborn again.

‘Is Mr. Coyshe here to examine my chest, and see if I am strong enough to endure confinement? Because I was the means, according to you, papa, of poor—of the prisoner escaping last night, therefore I am to be sent to prison myself to-morrow.’

‘I am not sending you to prison,’ said her father, ‘I am

placing you under wise and pious guardians. You are not to be trusted alone any more. Barbara has been ——'

'There! there!' exclaimed Eve, flashing an angry glance at her sister, and bursting into tears; 'was there ever a poor girl so badly treated? I am scolded, and threatened with jail. My sister, who should love me and take my part, is my chief tormentor, and instigates you, papa, against me. She is rightly called Barbara—she is a savage. I know so much Latin as to understand that.'

Barbara touched Mr. Coyshe, and signed to him to leave the room with her.

Eve watched them out of the room with satisfaction. She could manage her father, she thought, if left alone with him. But her father was thoroughly alarmed. He had been told that she had met Martin on the Rock. Barbara had told him this to exculpate Jasper. Her conduct on the preceding night had, moreover, filled him with uneasiness.

'Papa,' said Eve, looking at her little foot and shoe, 'don't you think Mr. Coyshe's ears stick out very much? I suppose his mother was not particular with him to put them under the rim of his cap.'

'I have not noticed.'

'And, papa, what eager, staring eyes he has got! I think he straps his cravat too tight.'

'Possibly.'

'Do you know, dear papa, there is a little hole just over the mantelshelf in my room, and the other day I saw something hanging down from it. I thought it was a bit of string, and I went up to it and pulled it. Then there came a little squeak, and I screamed. What do you suppose I had laid hold of? It was a mouse's tail. Was that not an odd thing, papa, for the wee mouse to sit in its run and let its tail hang down outside?'

'Yes, very odd.'

'Papa, how did all those beautiful things come into the house which I found in the chest upstairs? And why were you so cross with me for putting them on?'

The old man's face changed at once, the wild look came back into his eye, and his hand which clasped her wrist clutched it so convulsively, that she felt his nails cut her tender skin.

'Eve!' he said, and his voice quivered, 'never touch them again. Never speak of them again. My God!' he put his hand to his brow and wiped the drops which suddenly started over it, 'my God! I fear, I fear for her.'

Then he turned his agitated face eagerly to her, and said —

‘Eve! you must take him. I wish it. I shall have no peace till I know you are in his hands. He is so wise and so assured. I cannot die and leave you alone. I wake up in the night bathed in a sweat of fear, thinking of you, fearing for you. I imagine all sorts of things. Do you not wish to go to Lanherne? Then take Mr. Coyshe. He will make you a good husband. I shall be at ease when you are provided for. I cannot die—and I believe I am nearer death than you or Barbara, or even the doctor, supposes—I cannot die, and leave you here alone, unprotected. Oh, Eve! if you love me, do as I ask. You must either go to Lanherne or take Mr. Coyshe. It must be one or the other. What is that?’ he asked suddenly, drawing back in the bed, and staring wildly at her, and pointing at her forehead with a white quivering finger. ‘What is there? A stain—a spot. One of my black spots, very big. No, it is red. It is blood! It came there when I was wounded by the scythe, and every now and then it breaks out again. I see it now.’

‘Papa!’ said Eve, shuddering, ‘don’t point at me in that way, and look so strange; you frighten me. There is nothing there. Barbie washed it off long ago.’

Then he wavered in his bed, passing one hand over the other, as washing—‘It cannot wash off,’ he said despairingly. ‘It eats its way in, farther, farther, till it reaches the very core of the heart, and then——’ he cast himself back and moaned.

‘It was very odd of the mouse,’ said Eve, ‘to sit with her little back to the room, looking into the dark, and her tail hanging out into the chamber.’ She thought to divert her father’s thoughts from his fancies.

‘Eve!’ he said in a hoarse voice, and turned sharply round on her, ‘let me see your mother’s ring again. To-day you shall put it on. Hitherto you have worn it hung round your neck. To-day you shall bear it on your finger, in token that you are engaged.’

‘Oh, papa, dear! I don’t——’

‘Which is it to be, Lanherne or Mr. Coyshe?’

‘I won’t indeed go to Lanherne.’

‘Very well; then you will take Mr. Coyshe. He will make you happy. He will not always live here; he talks of a practice in London. He tells me that he has found favour with the Duke If he goes to London——’

‘Oh, papa! Is he really going to London?’

‘Yes, child!’

‘Where all the theatres are! Oh, papa! I should like to live in a town; I do not like being mewed up in the country. Will he have a carriage?’

‘I suppose so.’

‘Oh, papa! and a tiger in buttons and a gold band?’

‘I do not know.’

‘I am sure he will, papa! I’d rather have that than go to Lanherne.’

Mr. Jordan knocked with his stick against the wall. Eve was frightened.

‘Papa, don’t be too hasty. I only meant that I hate Lanherne!’

In fact, she was alarmed by his mention of the ring, and following her usual simple tactics had diverted the current of his thoughts into another direction.

Barbara and Mr. Coyshe came in.

‘She consents,’ said Mr. Jordan. ‘Eve, give him your hand. Where is the ring?’

She drew back.

‘I want the ring,’ he said again, impatiently.

‘Papa, I have not got it—that is—I have mislaid it.’

‘What!’ he exclaimed, trying to sit up, and becoming excited. ‘The ring—not lost! Mislaid! It must be found. I will have it. Your mother’s ring! I will never, never forgive if that is lost. Produce it at once.’

‘I cannot, papa. I don’t know—— Oh—Mr. Coyshe, quick, give me your hand. There! I consent. Do not be excited, dear papa. I’ll find the ring to-morrow.’

CHAPTER XLIII.

IN A MINE.

EVE had no sooner consented to take Mr. Coyshe, just to save herself the inconvenience of being questioned about the lost ring, than she ran out of the room, and to escape further importunity ran over the fields towards the wood. She had scarcely gone three steps from the house before she regretted what she had done. She did not care for Mr. Coyshe. She laughed at his peculiarities. She did not believe, like her father and sister, in

his cleverness. But she saw that his ears and eyes were unduly prominent, and she was alive to the ridiculous. Mr. Coyshe was more to her fancy than most of the young men of the neighbourhood, who talked of nothing but sport, and who would grow with advancing age to talk of sport and rates, and beyond rates would not grow. Eve was not fond of hunting. Barbara rarely went after the hounds, Eve never. She did not love horse exercise; she preferred sauntering in the woods and lanes, gathering autumn-tinted blackberry leaves, to a run over the downs after a fox. Perhaps hunting required too much exertion for her: Eve did not care for exertion. She made dolls' clothes still, at the age of seventeen; she played on the piano and sang; she collected leaves and flowers for posies. That was all Eve cared to do. Whatever she did she did it listlessly, because nothing thoroughly interested her. Yet she felt that there might be things which were not to be encountered at Morwell that would stir her heart and make her pulses bound. In a word, she had an artistic nature, and the world in which she moved was a narrow and inartistic world. Her proper faculties were unevoked. Her true nature slept.

The hoot of an owl, followed by a queer little face peeping at her from behind a pine. She did not at once recognise Watt, as her mind was occupied with her engagement to Mr. Coyshe.

Now at the very moment Watt showed himself her freakish mind had swerved from a position of disgust at her engagement, into one of semi-content with it. Mr. Coyshe was going to London, and there she would be free to enjoy herself after her own fashion, in seeing plays, hearing operas, going to all the sights of the great town, in a life of restless pleasure-seeking, and that was exactly what Eve desired.

Watt looked woe-begone. He crept from behind the tree. His impudence and merriment had deserted him. Tears came into his eyes as he spoke.

'Are they all gone?' he asked, looking cautiously about.

'Whom do you mean?'

'The police.'

'Yes; they have left Morwell. I do not know whither. Whether they are searching for your brother, or have given up the search, I cannot say. What keeps you here?'

'Oh, Miss Eve! poor Martin is not far off. It would not do for him to run far. He is in hiding at no great distance, and—he has nothing to eat.'

'Where is he? What can I do?' asked Eve, frightened.

'He is in an old mine. He will not be discovered there. Even if the constables found the entrance, which is improbable, they would not take him, for he would retreat into one of the side passages and escape by an air-hole in another part of the wood.'

'I will try what I can do. I dare say I might smuggle some food away from the house and put it behind the hedge, whence you could fetch it.'

'That is not enough. He must get away.'

'There is Jasper's horse still with us. I will ask Jasper, and you can have that.'

'No,' answered the boy, 'that will not do. We must not take the road this time. We must try the water.'

'We have a boat,' said Eve; 'but papa would never allow it to be used.'

'Your papa will know nothing about it, nor the prudent Barbara, nor the solemn Jasper. You can get the key and let us have the boat.'

'I will do what I can; but'—as a sudden thought struck her—
'Martin must let me have my ring again. I want it so much. My father has been asking for it.'

'How selfish you are!' exclaimed the boy, reproachfully.
'Thinking of your own little troubles when a vast danger menaces our dear Martin. Come with me. You must see Martin and ask him yourself for that ring. I dare not speak of it; he values that ring above everything. You must plead for it yourself with that pretty mouth and those sparkling eyes.'

'I must not; indeed I must not.'

'Why not? You will not be missed. No one will harm you. You should see the poor fellow, to what he is reduced by love for you. Yes, come and see him. He would never have been here, he would have been far away in safety, but he had the desire to see you again.'

'Indeed, I cannot accompany you.'

'Then you must do without the ring.'

'I want my ring again vastly. My father is cross because I have not got it, and I have promised to show it him. How can I keep my promise unless it be restored to me?'

'Come, come!' said the boy, impatiently. 'Whilst you are talking you might have got half-way to his den.'

‘I will only just speak to him,’ said Eve, ‘two words, and then run home.’

‘To be sure. That will be ample—two words,’ sneered the boy, and led the way.

The old mine adit was below the rocks near the river, and at no great distance from the old landing-place, where Jasper had recently constructed a boathouse. The ground about the entrance was thickly strewn with dead leaves, mixed with greenish shale thrown out of the copper mine, and so poisonous that no grass had been able to grow over it, though the mine had probably not been worked for a century, or even more. But the mouth of the adit was now completely overgrown with brambles and fringed with ferns. The dogwood, now in flower, had thickly clambered near the entrance wherever the earth was not impregnated with copper and arsenic.

Eve shrank from the black entrance and hung back, but the boy caught her by the arm and insisted on her coming with him. She surmounted some broken masses of rock that had fallen before the entrance, and brushed aside the dogwood and briars. The air struck chill and damp against her brow as she passed out of the sun under the stony arch.

The rock was lichened. White-green fungoid growths hung down in streamers; the floor was dry, though water dripped from the sides and nourished beds of velvet moss as far in as the light penetrated. So much rubble covered the bottom of the adit, that the water filtered through it and passed by a subterranean channel to the river.

After taking a few steps forward, Eve saw Martin half sitting, half lying on a bed of fern and heather; the grey light from the entrance fell on his face. It was pale and drawn; but he brightened up when he saw Eve, and he started to his knee to salute her.

‘I cannot stand upright in this cursed hole,’ he said; ‘but at this moment it matters not. On my knee I do homage to my queen.’ He seized her hand and pressed his lips to it.

‘Here you see me,’ he said, ‘doomed to shiver in this pit, catching my death of rheumatism.’

‘You will surely soon get away,’ said Eve. ‘I am very sorry for you. I must go home, I may not stay.’

‘What! leave me now that you have appeared as a sunbeam, shining into this abyss to glorify it! Oh, no—stay a few minutes, and then I shall remain and dream of the time you were here. Look at my companions.’ He pointed to the roof, where curious

lumps like compacted cobwebs hung down. 'These are bats, asleep during the day. When night falls they will begin to stir and shake their wings, and scream, and fly out. Shall I have to sleep in this den, with the hideous creatures crying and flapping about my head?'

'Oh, that will be dreadful! But surely you will leave this when night comes on?'

'Yes, if you will help me to get away.'

'I will furnish you with the key to the boat-house. I will hide it somewhere, and then your brother can find it.'

'That will not satisfy me. You must bring the key here.'

'Why? I cannot do that.'

'Indeed you must; I cannot live without another glimpse of your sweet face. Peter was released by an angel. It shall be the same with Martin.'

'I will bring you the key,' said Eve, nervously, 'if you will give me back my ring.'

'Your ring!' exclaimed Martin; 'never! Go—call the myrmidons of justice and deliver me into their hands.'

'I would not do that for the world,' said Eve, with tears in her eyes; 'I will do everything that I can to help you. Indeed, last night, I got into dreadful trouble by dressing up and playing my tambourine and dancing to attract the attention of the men, whilst you were escaping from the corn-chamber. Papa was very angry and excited, and Barbara was simply—dreadful. I have been scolded and made most unhappy. Do, in pity, give me up the ring. My papa has asked for it. You have already got me into another trouble, because I had not the ring. I was obliged to promise to marry Doctor Coyshe just to pacify papa, he was so excited about the ring.'

'What! engaged yourself to another?'

'I was forced into it, to-day, I tell you—because I had not got the ring. Give it me. I want to get out of my engagement, and I cannot without that.'

'And I—it is not enough that I should be hunted as a hare—my heart must be broken! Walter! where are you? Come here and listen to me. Never trust a woman. Curse the whole sex for its falseness and its selfishness. There is no constancy in this world.' And he sighed and looked reproachfully at Eve. 'After all I have endured and suffered—for you.'

Eve's tears flowed. Martin's attitude, tone of voice, were pathetic and moved her. 'I am very sorry,' she said, 'but—I

never gave you the ring. You snatched it from me. You are unknown to me, I am nothing to you, and you are—you are——'

'Yes, speak out the bitter truth. I am a thief, a runaway convict, a murderer. Use every offensive epithet that occurs in your vocabulary. Give a dog a bad name and hang him. I ought to have known the sex better than to have trusted you. But I loved, I was blinded by passion. I saw an angel face, and blue eyes that promised a heaven of tenderness and truth. I saw, I loved, I trusted—and here I am, a poor castaway ship, lying ready to be broken up and plundered by wreckers. Oh, the cruel, faithless sex! We men, with our royal trust, our splendid self-sacrifice, become a ready prey; and when we are down, the laughing heartless tyrants dance over us. When the lion was sick, the ass came and kicked him. It was the last indignity the royal beast could endure, he laid his head between his paws, and his heart brake. Leave me—leave me to die.'

'Oh Martin!' said Eve, quite overcome by his greatness, and the vastness of his devotion, 'I have never hurt you, never offended you. You are like my papa, and have fancies.'

'I have fancies. Yes, you are right, terribly right. I have had my fancies. I have lived in a delusion. I believed in the honesty of those eyes. I trusted your word——'

'I never gave you a word.'

'Do not interrupt me. I *did* suppose that your heart had surrendered to me. The delusion is over. The heart belongs to a vulgar village apothecary. That heart which I so treasured——' his voice shook and broke, and Eve sobbed. 'Who brought the police upon me?' he went on. 'It was you, whom I loved and trusted—you, who possess an innocent face and a heart full of guile. And here I lie, your victim, in a living grave your cruel hands have scooped out for me in the rock.'

'Oh—indeed, this mine was dug hundreds of years ago.'

He turned a reproachful look at her. 'Why do you interrupt me? I speak metaphorically. You brought me to this, and if you have a spark of good feeling in your breast you will get me away from here.'

'I will bring you the key as soon as the sun sets.'

'That is right. I accept the token of penitence with gladness, and hope for day in the heart where the light dawns.'

'I must go—I really must go,' she said.

He bowed grandly to her, with his hand on his heart.

'Come,' said Watt, 'I will help you over these rubbish-heaps. You have had your two words.'

'Oh, stay!' exclaimed Eve, 'my ring! I came for that, and I have not got it. I must indeed, indeed, have it.'

'Eve,' said Martin, 'I have been disappointed, and have spoken sharply of the sex. But I am not the man to harbour mistrust. Deceived I have been, and perhaps am now laying myself open to fresh disappointment. I cannot say. I cannot go against my nature, which is frank and trustful. There—take your ring. Come back to me this evening with it and the key, and prove to me that all women are not false, that all confidence placed in them is not *misplaced*.'

CHAPTER XLIV.

TUCKERS.

BARBARA sat in the little oak parlour, a pretty room that opened out of the hall; indeed, it had originally been a portion of the hall, which was constructed like a letter L. The hall extended to the roof, but the branch at right angles was not half the height. It was ceiled about ten feet from the floor, and instead of being, like the hall, paved with slate, had oak boards. The window looked into the garden. Mr. Jordan's father had knocked away the granite mullions, and put in a sash-window, out of keeping with the room and house, but agreeable to the taste of the period, and admitting more light. A panelled division cut the room off from the hall. Barbara and Eve could not agree about the adornment of this apartment. On the walls were a couple of oil-paintings, and Barbara supplemented them with framed and glazed mezzotints. She could not be made by her sister to see the incongruity of engravings and oil-paintings hanging side by side on dark oak panels. On the chimney-piece was a French ormolu clock, which was Eve's detestation. It was badly designed and unsuitable for the room. So was the banner screen of a poodle resting on a red cushion; so were the bugle mats on the table; so were the antimacassars on all the arm-chairs and over the back of the sofa; so were some drawing-room chairs purchased by Barbara, with curved legs and rails that were falling out periodically. Barbara thought these chairs handsome, Eve detestable. The chimney-piece ornaments, the vases of pale green glass illuminated

with flowers, were also objects of aversion to one sister and admiration to the other. Eve at one time refused to make posies for the vases in the parlour, and was always protesting against some new introduction by her sister which violated the principles of taste.

'I don't like to live in a dingy old hall like this,' Eve would say; 'but I like a place to be fitted up in keeping with its character.'

Barbara was now seated in this debatable ground. Eve was out somewhere, and she was alone and engaged with her needle. Her father, in the next room, was dozing. Then to the open window came Jasper, leaned his arms on the sill—the sash was up—and looked in at Barbara.

'Hard at work as usual?' he said.

She smiled and nodded, and looked at him, holding her needle up, with a long white thread in it.

'On what engaged I dare not ask,' said Jasper.

'You may know,' she said, laughing. 'Sewing tuckers. I always sew tuckers on Saturdays, both for myself and for Eve.'

'And, pray, what are tuckers?'

'Tuckers'—she hesitated to find a suitable description—'tuckers are—well, tuckers.' She took a neck of a dress which she had finished and put it round her throat. 'Now you see. Now you understand. Tuckers are the garnishing, like parsley to a dish.'

'And compliments to speech. So you do Eve's as well as your own.'

'Oh dear, yes; Eve cannot be trusted. She would forget all about them, and wear dirty tuckers.'

'But she worked hard enough burnishing the brass necklace.'

'Oh yes, that shone! tuckers are simply—clean.'

'My Lady Eve should have a lady's-maid.'

'Not whilst I am with her. I do all that is needful for her. When she marries she must have one, as she is helpless.'

'You think Eve will marry?'

'Oh yes! It is all settled. She has consented.'

He was a little surprised. This had come about very suddenly, and Eve was young.

'I am glad you are here,' said Barbara, 'only you have taken an unfair advantage of me.'

'I—Barbara?'

'Yes, Jasper, you.' She looked up into his face with a

heightened colour. He had never called her by her plain Christian name before, nor had she thus addressed him; but their hearts understood each other, and a formal title would have been an affectation on either side.

‘I will tell you why,’ said the girl, ‘so do not put on such a puzzled expression. I want to speak to you seriously about a matter that—that—well, Jasper, that makes me wish you had your face in the light, and mine in the shade. Where you stand the glare of the sky is behind you, and you can see every change in my face, and that unnerves me. Either you shall come in here, take my place at the tuckers, and let me talk to you through the window, or else I shall move my chair close to the window, and sit with my back to it, and we can talk without watching each other’s face.’

‘Do that, Barbara. I cannot venture on the tuckers.’

So, laughing nervously, and with her colour changing in her cheeks, and her lips twitching, she drew her chair close to the window, and seated herself, not exactly with her back to it, but sideways, and turned her face from it.

The ground outside was higher than the floor of the parlour, so that Jasper stood above her, and looked down somewhat, not much, on her head, her dark hair so neat and glossy, and smoothly parted. He stooped to the mignonette bed and gathered some of the fragrant delicate little trusses of colourless flowers, and with a slight apology thrust two or three among her dark hair.

‘Putting in tuckers,’ he said. ‘Garnishing the sweetest of heads with the plant that to my mind best symbolises Barbara.’

‘Don’t,’ she exclaimed, shaking her head, but not shaking the sprigs out of her hair. ‘You are taking unwarrantable liberties, Mr. Jasper.’

‘I will take no more.’ He folded his arms on the sill. She did not see, but she felt, the flood of love that poured over her bowed head from his eyes. She worked very hard fastening off a thread at the end of a tucker.

‘I also,’ said Jasper, ‘have been desirous of a word with you, Barbara.’

She turned, looked up in his face, then bent her head again over her work. The flies, among them a great blue-bottle, were humming in the window; the latter bounced against the glass, and was too stupid to come down and go out at the open sash.

‘We understand each other,’ said Jasper, in a low voice, as pleasant and soft as the murmur of the flies. ‘There are songs

without words, and there is speech without voice ; what I have thought and felt you know, though I have not told you anything, and I think I know also what you think and feel. Now, however, it is as well that we should come to plain words.'

'Yes, Jasper, I think so as well; that is why I have come over here with my tuckers.'

'We know each other's heart,' he said, stooping in over her head and the garnishing of mignonette, and speaking as low as a whisper—not really in a whisper, but in his natural warm, rich voice. 'There is this, dear Barbara, about me. My name, my family, are dishonoured by the thoughtless, wrongful act of my poor brother. I dare not ask you to share that name with me, not only on this ground, but also because I am absolutely penniless. A great wrong has been done to your father and sister by us, and it does not become me to ask the greatest and richest of gifts from your family. Hereafter I may inherit my father's mill at Buckfastleigh. When I do I will, as I have undertaken, fully repay the debt to your sister, but till I can do that I may not ask for more. You are, and must be, to me a far-off, unapproachable star, to whom I look up, whom I shall ever love and stretch my hands towards.'

'I am not a star at all,' said Barbara; 'and as for being far off and unapproachable, you are talking nonsense, and you do not mean it, or you would not have stuck bits of mignonette in my hair. I do not understand rhodomontade.'

Jasper laughed. He liked her downright, plain way. 'I am quoting a thought from "*Preciosa*,"' he said.

'I know nothing of "*Preciosa*," save that it is something Eve strums.'

'Well, divest what I have said of all exaggeration of simile, you understand what I mean.'

'And I want you to understand my position exactly, Jasper,' she said. 'I also am penniless. The money my aunt left me I have made over to Eve because she could not marry Mr. Coyshe without something present, as well as a prospect of something to come.'

'What! sewn your poor little legacy in as a tucker to her wedding-gown?'

'Mr. Coyshe wants to go to London, he is lost here; and Eve would be happy in a great city, she mopes in the country. So I have consented to this arrangement. I do not want the money, as I live here with my father, and it is a real necessity for Eve and Mr. Coyshe. You see—I could not do other.'

'And when your father dies, Morwell also passes to Eve. What is left for you?'

'Oh, I shall do very well. Mr. Coyshe and Eve would never endure to live here. By the time dear papa is called away Mr. Coyshe will have made himself a name, be a physician, and rolling in money. Perhaps he and Eve may like to run here for their short holiday and breathe our pure air, but otherwise they will not occupy the place, and I thought I might live on here and manage for them. Then'—she turned her cheek, and Jasper saw a glitter on the long dark lash, but at the same time the dimple of a smile on the cheek—'then, dear friend'—she put up her hand on the sill, and he caught it—'then, dear friend, perhaps you will not mind helping me. Then probably your little trouble will be over.' She was silent, thinking, and he saw the dimple go out of her smooth cheek, and the sparkling drop fall from the lash on that cheek. 'All is in God's hand,' she said. 'We do wrong to look forward. I shall be happy to leave it so, and wait and trust.'

Then he put the other hand which did not clasp hers under her chin, and tried to raise her face, but he could only reach her brow with his lips and kiss it. He said not one word.

'You do not answer,' she said.

'I cannot,' he replied.

Then the door was thrown open, and Eve entered, flushed, and holding up her finger.

'Look, Bab!—look, dear! I have my ring again. Now I can shake off that doctor.'

'Oh, Eve!' gasped Barbara; 'the ring! Where did you get it?' She turned sharply to Jasper. 'She has seen him—your brother Martin—again.'

Eve was, for a moment, confused, but only for a moment. She recovered herself and said merrily, 'Why, Barbie dear, however did you get that crown of mignonette in your hair? You never stuck it there yourself—you would not dream of such a thing; besides, your arm is not long enough to reach the flower-bed. Jasper! confess you have been doing this.' She clasped her hands and danced. 'Oh, what fun!' she exclaimed; 'but really it is a shame of me interfering when Barbara is so busy with the tuckers, and Jasper in garnishing Barbara's head.' Then she bounded out of the room, leaving her sister in confusion.

CHAPTER XLV.

DUCK AND GREEN PEAS.

EVE might evade an explanation by turning the defence into an attack when first surprised, but she was unable to resist a determined onslaught, and when Barbara followed her and parried all her feints, and brought her to close quarters, Eve was driven to admit that she had seen Martin, who was in concealment in the wood, and that she had undertaken to furnish him with food and the boathouse key. Jasper was taken into consultation, and promised to seek his brother and provide for him what was necessary, but neither he nor Barbara could induce her to remain at home and not revisit the fugitive.

‘I know that Jasper will not find the place without me,’ she said. ‘Watt only discovered it by his prowling about as a weasel. I must go with Mr. Jasper, but I promise you, Barbie, it shall be for the last time.’ There was reason in her argument, and Barbara was forced to acquiesce.

Accordingly in the evening, not before, the two set out for the mine, Eve carrying some provisions in a basket. Jasper was much annoyed that his brother was still in the neighbourhood, and still causing trouble to the sisters at Morwell.

Eve had shown her father the ring. The old man was satisfied; he took it, looked hard at it, slipped it on his little finger, and would not surrender it again. Eve must explain this to Martin if he redemanded the ring, which he was like enough to do.

Neither she nor Jasper spoke much to each other on the way; he had his thoughts occupied, and she was not easy in her mind. As they approached the part of the wood where the mine shaft was, she began to sing the song in ‘Don Giovanni,’ *Là ci darem*, as a signal to Watt that friends drew nigh through the bushes. On entering the adit they found Martin in an ill humour. He had been without food for many hours, and was moreover suffering from an attack of rheumatism.

‘I said as much this morning, Eve,’ he growled. ‘I knew this hateful hole would make me ill, and here I am in agonies. Oh, it is of no use your bringing me the key of the boat; I can’t go on the water with knives running into my back, and, what is more, I can’t stick in this hateful burrow. How many hours on the water down to Plymouth? I can’t even think of it; I should

have rheumatic fever. I'd rather be back in jail—there I suppose they would give me hot bottles and blankets. And this, too, when I had prepared such a treat for Eve. Curse it! I'm always thinking of others, and getting into pickles myself accordingly.'

'Why, pray, what were you scheming to do for Miss Eve?' asked Jasper.

'Oh, the company I was with for a bit is at Plymouth, and are performing Weber's new piece, "*Preciosa*," and I thought I'd like to show it to her; and then the manager, Justice Barret, knows about her mother. When I told him of my escape, and leaving you at Morwell, he said that he had left one of his company there named Eve. I thought it would be a pleasure to the young lady to meet him, and hear what he had to tell of her mother.'

'And you intended to carry Eve off with you?'

'I intended to persuade her to accompany me. Perhaps she will do so still, when I am better.'

Jasper was angry, and spoke sharply to his brother. Martin turned on his bed of fern and heather, and groaning, put his hands over his ears.

'Come,' said he, 'Watt, give me food. I can't stand scolding on an empty stomach, and with aches in my bones.'

He was impervious to argument; remonstrance he resented. Jasper took the basket from Eve, and gave him what he required. He groaned and cried out as Watt raised him in his arms. Martin looked at Eve, appealing for sympathy. He was a martyr, a guiltless sufferer, and not spared even by his brother.

'I think, Martin,' said Jasper, 'that if you were well wrapped in blankets you might still go in the boat.'

'You seem vastly eager to be rid of me,' answered Martin, peevishly; 'but, I tell you, I will not go. I'm not going to jeopardise my life on the river in the fogs and heavy dews to relieve you from anxiety. How utterly and unreasonably selfish you are! If there be one vice which is despicable, it is selfishness. I repeat, I won't go, and I won't stay in this hole. You must find some safe and warm place in which to stow me. I throw all responsibilities on you. I wish I had never escaped from jail—I have been sinking ever since I left it. There I had a dry cell and food. From that I went to the corn-chamber at Morwell, which was dry—but, faugh! how it stank of onions! Now I have this damp dungeon that smells of mould. Watt and you got me out of prison, and got me away from the warders and constables, so you must provide for me now. I have nothing more to do

with it. If you take a responsibility on you, my doctrine is, go through with it; don't take it up and drop it half finished. What news of that fellow I shot. Is he dead?'

'No—wounded, but not dangerously.'

'There, then, why should I fear? I was comfortable in jail. I had my meals regularly there, and was not subjected to damp. I trust my country would have cared for me better than my brothers, who give me at one time onions for a pillow, and at another heather for a bed.'

'My dear Martin,' said Jasper, 'I think if you try you can walk up the road. There is a woodman's hut among the trees near the Raven Rock, but concealed in the coppice. It is warm and dry, and no one will visit it whilst the leaves are on the trees. The workmen keep their tools there, and their dinners, when shredding in winter or rending in spring. You will be as safe there as here, and so much nearer Morwell that we shall be able easily to furnish you with necessaries till you are better and can escape to Plymouth.'

'I'm not sure that it is wise for me to try to get to Plymouth. The police will be on the look-out for me there, and they will not dream that I have stuck here—this is the last place where they would suppose I stayed. Besides, I have no money. No; I will wait till the company move away from the county, and I will rejoin it at Bridgewater, or Taunton, or Dorchester. Justice Barret is a worthy fellow; a travelling company can't always command such abilities as mine, so the accommodation is mutual.'

Martin was assisted out of the mine. He groaned, cried out, and made many signs of distress; he really was suffering, but he made the most of his suffering. Jasper stood on one side of him. He would not hear of Walter sustaining him on the other side; he must have Eve as his support, and he could only support himself on her by putting his arm over her shoulders. No objections raised by Jasper were of avail. Watt was not tall enough. Watt's steps were irregular. Watt was required to go on ahead and see that no one was in the way. Martin was certainly a very handsome man. He wore a broad-brimmed hat, and fair long hair; his eyes were dark and large, his features regular, his complexion pale and interesting. Seeing that Jasper looked at his hair with surprise, he laughed, and leaning his head towards him whispered, 'Those rascals at Prince's Town cropped me like a Puritan. I wear a theatrical wig before the sex, till my hair grows again.'

Then leaning heavily on Eve, he bent his head to her ear, and

made a complimentary remark which brought the colour into her cheek.

'Jasper,' said he, turning his head again to his brother, 'mind this, I cannot put up with cider; I am racked with rheumatism, and I must have generous drink. I suppose your father's cellar is well stocked?' He addressed Eve. 'You will see that the poor invalid is not starved, and has not his vitals wrung with vinegar. I have seen ducks about Morwell; what do you say to duck with onion stuffing for dinner to-morrow—and tawny port, eh? I'll let you both into another confidence. I am not going to lie on bracken. By hook or by crook you must contrive to bring me out a feather bed. If I've not one, and a bolster and pillow and blankets—by George and the dragon! I'll give myself up to the beaks.'

Then he moaned, and squeezed Eve's shoulder.

'Green peas,' he said when the paroxysm was over. 'Duck and green peas; I shall dine off that to-morrow—and tell the cook not to forget the mint. Also some carrot sliced, boiled, then fried in Devonshire cream, with a little shalot cut very fine and toasted, sprinkled on top. Sweetheart,' aside to Eve into her ear, 'you shall come and have a snack with me. Remember, it is an invitation. We will not have old solemn-face with us as a mar-fun shall we?'

The woodman's hut when reached after a slow ascent was found to be small, warm, and in good condition. It was so low that a man could not stand upright in it, but it was sufficiently long to allow him to lie his length therein. The sides were of wattled oak branches, compacted with heather and moss, and the roof was of turf. The floor was dry, deep bedded in fern.

'It is a dog's kennel,' said the dissatisfied Martin; 'or rather it is not so good as that. It is the sort of place made for swans and geese and ducks beside a pond, for shelter when they lay their eggs. It really is humiliating that I should have to bury my head in a sort of water-fowl's sty.'

Eve promised that Martin should have whatever he desired. Jasper had, naturally, a delicacy in offering anything beyond his own services, though he knew he could rely on Barbara.

When they had seen the exhausted and anguished martyr gracefully reposing on the bracken bed, to rest after his painful walk, and had already left, they were recalled by his voice shouting to Jasper, regardless of every consideration that should have kept him quiet, 'Don't be a fool, Jasper, and shake the bottle. If you

break the crust I won't drink it.' And again the call came, 'Mind the green peas.'

As Jasper and Eve walked back to Morwell neither spoke much, but on reaching the last gate Eve said—

'Oh, dear Mr. Jasper, do help me to persuade Barbie to let me go! I have made up my mind; I must and will see the play, and hear all that the manager can tell me about my mother.'

'I will go to Plymouth, Miss Eve. I must see this Mr. Justice Barret, and I will learn every particular for you.'

'That is not enough. I want to see a play. I have never been to a theatre in all my life.'

'I will see what your sister says.'

'I am obstinate. I shall go whether she says yes or no.'

'To-morrow is Sunday,' said Jasper, 'when no theatre is open.'

'Besides,' added Eve, 'there is poor Martin's duck and green peas to-morrow.'

'And crusted port. If we go, it must be Monday.'

CHAPTER XLVI.

'PRECIOSA.'

EVE had lost something of her light-heartedness; in spite of herself she was made to think, and grave alternatives were forced upon her for decision. The careless girl was dragged in opposite directions by two men, equally selfish and conceited, the one prosaic and clever, the other æsthetic but ungifted; each actuated by the coarsest self-seeking, neither regarding the happiness of the child. Martin had a passionate fancy for her, and had formed some fantastic scheme of turning her into a singer and an actress; and Mr. Coyshe thought of pushing his way in town by the aid of her money.

Eve was without any strength of character, but she had obstinacy, and where her pleasure was concerned she could be very obstinate. Hitherto she had not been required to act with independence. She had submitted in most things to the will of her father and sister, but then their will had been to give her pleasure and save her annoyance. She had learned always to get her own way by an exhibition of peevishness if crossed.

Now she had completely set her heart on going to Plymouth. She was desirous to know something about her mother, as her father might not be questioned concerning her; and she burned with eagerness to see a play. It would be hard to say which motive predominated. One alone might have been beaten down by Barbara's opposition, but two plaited in and out together made so tough a string that it could not be broken. Barbara did what she could, but her utmost was unavailing. Eve had sufficient shrewdness to insist on her desire to see and converse with a friend of her mother, and to say as little as possible about her other motive. Barbara could appreciate one, she would see no force in the other.

Eve carried her point. Barbara consented to her going under the escort of Jasper. They were to ride to Beer Ferris and thence take boat. They were not to stay in Plymouth, but return the same way. The tide was favourable; they would probably be home by three o'clock in the morning, and Barbara would sit up for them. It was important that Mr. Jordan should know nothing of the expedition, which would greatly excite him. As for Martin, she would provide for him, though she could not undertake to find him duck and green peas and crusted port every day.

One further arrangement was made. Eve was engaged to Mr. Coyshe, therefore the young doctor was to be invited to join Eve and Jasper at Beer Alston, and accompany her to Plymouth. A note was despatched to him to prepare him, and to ask him to have a boat in readiness, and to allow of the horses being put in his stables.

Thus, everything was settled, if not absolutely in accordance with Eve's wishes—she objected to the company of the doctor—yet sufficiently so to make her happy. Her happiness became greater as the time approached for her departure, and when she left she was in as joyful a mood as any in which Barbara had ever seen her.

Everything went well. The weather was fine, and the air and landscape pleasant; not that Eve regarded either as she rode to Beer Alston. There the tiresome surgeon joined her and Jasper, and insisted on giving them refreshments. Eve was impatient to be on her way again, and was hardly civil in her refusal; but the harness of self-conceit was too dense over the doctor's breast for him to receive a wound from her light words.

In due course Plymouth was reached, and, as there was time

to spare, Eve, by her sister's directions, went to a convent, where were some nuns of their acquaintance, and stayed there till fetched by the two young men to go with them to the theatre. Jasper had written before and secured tickets.

At last Eve sat in a theatre—the ambition, the dream of her youth was gratified. She occupied a stall between Jasper and Mr. Coyshe, a place that commanded the house, but was also conspicuous.

Eve sat looking speechlessly about her, lost in astonishment at the novelty of all that surrounded her; the decorations of white and gold, the crimson curtains, the chandelier of glittering glass-drops, the crowd of well-dressed ladies, the tuning of the instruments of the orchestra, the glare of light, were to her an experience so novel that she felt she would have been content to come all the way for that alone. That she herself was an object of notice, that opera-glasses were turned upon her, never occurred to her. Fond as she was of admiration, she was too engrossed in admiring to think that she was admired.

A hush. The conductor had taken his place and raised his wand. Eve was startled by the sudden lull and the lowering of the lights.

Then the wand fell and the overture began. 'Preciosa' had been performed in London the previous season for the first time, and now, out of season, it was taken to the provinces. The house was very full. A military orchestra played.

Eve knew the overture arranged for the piano, for Jasper had introduced her to it; she had admired it; but what was a piano arrangement to a full orchestra? Her eye sparkled, a brilliant colour rushed into her cheek. This was something more beautiful than she could have conceived. The girl's soul was full of musical appreciation, and she had been kept for seventeen years away from the proper element in which she could live.

Then the curtain rose, and disclosed the garden of Don Carcamo at Madrid. Eve could hardly repress an exclamation of astonishment. She saw a terrace with marble statues, and a fountain of water playing, the crystal drops sparkling as they fell. Umbrageous trees on both sides threw their foliage overhead, and met, forming a succession of bowery arches. Roses and oleanders bloomed at the sides. Beyond the terrace extended a distant landscape of rolling woodland and corn fields threaded by a blue winding river. Far away in the remote distance rose a range of snow-clad mountains.

Eve held up her hands, drew a long breath and sighed, not out of sadness, but out of ecstasy of delight.

Don Fernando de Azevedo, in black velvet and lace, was taking leave of Don Carcamo, and informing him that he would have left Madrid some days ago had he not been induced to stay and see Preciosa, the gipsy girl about whom the town was talking. Then entered Alonzo, the son of Don Carcamo, enthusiastic over the beauty, talent, and virtue of the maiden.

Eve listened with eager eyes and ears, she lost not a word, she missed not a motion. Everything she saw was real to her. This was true Spain, yonder was the Sierra Nevada. For aught she considered, these were true hidalgos. She forgot she was in a theatre, she forgot everything, her own existence, in her absorption. Only one thought obtruded itself on her connecting the real with the fictitious. Martin ought to have stood there as Alonzo, in that becoming costume.

Then the orchestra played softly, sweetly—she knew the air, drew another deep inspiration, her flush deepened. Over the stage swept a crowd of gentlemen and ladies, and a motley throng singing in chorus. Then came in gipsies with tambourines and castanets, and through the midst of them Preciosa in a crimson velvet bodice and saffron skirt, wearing a necklace of gold chains and coins.

Eve put her hands over her mouth to check the cry of astonishment; the dress—she knew it—it was that she had found in the chest. It was that, or one most similar.

Eve hardly breathed as Preciosa told the fortunes of Don Carcamo and Don Fernando. She saw the love of Alonzo kindled, and Alonzo she had identified with Martin. She—she herself was Preciosa. Had she not worn that dress, rattled that tambourine, danced the same steps? The curtain fell; the first act was over, and the hum of voices rose. But Eve heard nothing. Mr. Coyshe endeavoured to engage her in conversation, but in vain. She was in a trance, lifted above the earth in ecstasy. She was Preciosa, she lived under a Spanish sun. This was her world, this real life. No other world was possible henceforth, no other life endurable. She had passed out of a condition of surprise; nothing could surprise her more, she had risen out of a sphere where surprise was possible into one where music, light, colour, marvel were the proper atmosphere.

The most prodigious marvels occur in dreams and excite no astonishment. Eve had passed into ecstatic dream.

The curtain rose, and the scene was forest, with rocks, and the full moon shining out of the dark blue sky, silvering the trunks of the trees and the mossy stones. A gipsy camp; the gipsies sang a chorus with echo. The captain smote with hammer on a stone and bade his men prepare for a journey to Valencia. The gipsies dispersed, and then Preciosa appeared, entering from the far background, with the moonlight falling on her, subduing to low tones her crimson and yellow, holding a guitar in her hands. She seated herself on a rock, and the moonbeams played about her as she sang and accompanied herself on her instrument:—

Lone am I, yet am not lonely,
 For I see thee, loved and true,
 Round me flits thy form, thine only,
 Moonlit gliding o'er the dew.
 Wander where I may, or tarry,
 Hangs my heart alone on thee,
 Ever in my breast I carry
 Thoughts that burn and torture me.
 Unattainable and peerless,
 In my heaven a constant star,
 Heart o'erflowing, eyes all tearless,
 Gaze I on thee from afar.

The exquisite melody, the pathos of the scene, the poetry of the words, were more than Eve could bear, and tears rolled down her cheeks. Mr. Coyshe looked round in surprise; he heard her sob, and asked if she were tired or unwell. No! she sobbed out of excess of happiness. The combined beauty of scene and song oppressed her heart with pain, the pain of delight greater than the heart could contain.

Eve saw Alonzo come, disguised as a hunter, having abandoned his father, his rank, his prospects, for love of Preciosa. Was not this like Martin?—Martin, the heroic, the self-sacrificing man who rushed into peril that he might be at her feet—Martin, now laid up with rheumatism for her sake.

She saw the gipsies assemble, their tents were taken down, bales were collected, all was prepared for departure. Alonzo was taken into the band, and fellowship was sworn.

The moon had set, but see—what is this? A red light smites betwixt the trees and kindles the trunks orange and scarlet, the rocks are also flushed, and simultaneously with a burst, joyous, triumphant, the whole band sing the chorus of salutation to the

rising sun. Preciosa is exalted on a litter and is borne on the shoulders of the gipsies. The light brightens, the red blaze pervades, transforms the entire scene, bathes every actor in fire; the glorious song swells and thrills every heart, and suddenly, when it seemed to Eve that she could bear no more, the curtain fell. She sprang to her feet, unconscious of everything but what she had seen and heard, and the whole house rose with her and roared its applause and craved for more.

It is unnecessary for us to follow Eve's emotions through the entire drama, and to narrate the plot: to say how that the gipsies arrive at the castle of Don Fernando where he is celebrating his silver wedding; how his son Eugenio, by an impertinence offered to Preciosa, exasperates the disguised Alonzo into striking him, and is arrested; how Preciosa intercedes, and how it is discovered that she is the daughter of Don Fernando, stolen seventeen years before. The reader may possibly know the drama; if he does not, his loss is not much; it is a drama of little merit and no originality, which would never have lived had not Weber furnished it with a few scraps of incomparably beautiful music.

The curtain fell, the orchestra departed, the boxes were emptying. All those in the stalls around Eve were in movement. She gave a long sigh and woke out of her dream, looked round at Jasper, then at Mr. Coyshe, and smiled; her eyes were dazed, she was not fully awake.

'Very decent performance,' said the surgeon, 'but we shall see something better in London.'

'Well, Eve,' said Jasper, 'are you ready? I will ask for the manager, and then we must be pushing home.'

'Home?' repeated Eve, and repeated it questioningly.

'Yes,' answered Jasper, 'have you forgotten the row up the river and the ride before us?'

She put her hand to her head.

'Oh, Jasper,' she said, 'I feel as if I were at home now—here, where I ought always to have been—and was going again into banishment.'

(To be continued.)

An Orchid Farm.

AN article on orchids in this Magazine some months ago brought upon me a flood of inquiries almost as embarrassing as flattering to a busy journalist. The burden of them was curiously like. Three ladies or gentlemen in four wrote thus: 'I love orchids. I had not the least suspicion that they may be cultivated so easily and so cheaply. I am going to begin. Will you, please, inform me'—here diversity came in with a vengeance! From temperature to flower-pots, from the selection of species to the selection of peat, from the architecture of a greenhouse to the capabilities of window-gardening, with excursions between, my advice was solicited. I replied as best I could until Mr. Lewis Castle, hearing of my distress, proposed to relieve me. To him, therefore, at the office of the *Journal of Horticulture*, I referred my later correspondents. May I hint to readers of this second article that Mr. Castle's patience is not nearly exhausted? It must be feared, however, that the most careful questioning and the most elaborate replies, by post, will not furnish that groundwork of knowledge, the A B C of the science, which is needed by a person utterly unskilled; nor will he find it readily in the handbooks. Written by men familiar with the alphabet of orchidology from their youth up, though they seem to begin at the beginning, ignorant enthusiasts who study them will mark woful gaps. It is little I can do in this matter; yet, believing that the culture of these plants will be as general shortly as the culture of pelargoniums under glass—and firmly convinced that he who hastens that day is a real benefactor to his kind—I am most anxious to do what lies in my power. Considering the means by which this end may be won, it appears necessary, above all, to avoid boring the student. He should be led to feel how charming is the business in hand even while engaged with prosaic details; and it seems to me, after some thought, that the sketch of a grand orchid nursery will best serve our purpose for the moment. There

I can show at once processes and results, passing at a step, as it were, from the granary into the harvest field, from the workshop to the finished and glorious production.

'An orchid farm' is no extravagant description of the establishment at St. Albans. There alone in Europe, so far as I know, three acres of ground are occupied by orchids exclusively. It is possible that larger houses might be found—everything is possible; but such are devoted more or less to a variety of plants, and the departments are not all gathered beneath one roof. I confess, for my own part, a hatred of references. They interrupt the writer, and they distract the reader. At the place I have chosen to illustrate our theme, one has but to cross a corridor from any of the working quarters to reach the showroom. We may start upon our critical survey from the very dwelling-house. Pundits of agricultural science explore the sheds, I believe, the barns, stables, machine-rooms, and so forth, before inspecting the crops. We may follow the same course, but our road offers an unusual distraction.

It passes from the farmer's hall beneath a high glazed arch. Some fifty feet beyond, the path is stopped by a wall of tufa and stalactite which rises to the lofty roof, and compels the traveller to turn right or left. Water pours down it and falls triekling into a narrow pool beneath. Its rough front is studded with orchids from crest to base. *Cœlogynes* have lost those pendent wreaths of bloom which lately tipped the rock as with snow. But there are *Cymbidiums* arching long sprays of green and chocolate; thickets of *Dendrobe* set with flowers beyond counting, ivory and rose and purple and orange; scarlet *Anthuriums*; huge clumps of *Phajus* and evergreen *Calanthe*, with a score of spikes rising from their broad leaves; *Cypripediums* of quaint form and striking half tones of colour; *Oncidium*s which droop their slender garlands a yard long, plain and spotted, pale purple and white—a hundred tints. The crown of the rock bristles all along with *Cattleyas*, a dark-green glossy little wood against the sky. The *Trianæ*s are almost over, but here and there a belated beauty pushes through, white or rosy, with a tip of crimson velvet. *Mossiæ*s have replaced them generally, and from beds three feet in diameter those great blooms start by the score, in every shade of pink and crimson and rosy purple. There is *Lælia elegans*, exterminated in its native home, of such bulk and such luxuriance of growth that the islanders left forlorn might almost find consolation in regarding it here. Over all, climbing up the spandrils

of the roof in full blaze of sunshine, is *Vanda teres*, round as a pencil both leaves and stalk, which will drape those bare iron rods presently with crimson and gold. The way to our farmyard is not like others. It traverses a corner of fairyland.

We find a door masked by such a rock as that faintly and vaguely pictured, which opens on a broad corridor. Through all its length, four hundred feet, it is ceilinged with baskets of Mexican orchid, as close as they will fit. Upon the left hand lie a series of glass structures; upon the right, below the level of the corridor, the workshops. A busy scene that is which we survey, looking down through openings in the wall. Here is the Composing Room, where that magnificent record of orchidology in three languages, the '*Reichenbachia*,' slowly advances from year to year. There is the Printing Room, with no steam presses or labour-saving machinery, but the most skilful craftsmen to be found, the finest paper, the most deliberate and costly processes, to rival the great works of the past in illustrating modern science. These departments, however, we need not visit, nor the chambers, lower still, where mechanical offices are performed.

The 'Importing Room' first demands notice. Here cases are received by fifties and hundreds, week by week, from every quarter of the orchid world, unpacked, and their contents stored until space is made for them up above. It is a long apartment, broad and low, with tables against the wall and down the middle heaped with things which to the uninitiated seem, for the most part, dry sticks and dead bulbs. Orchids everywhere! They hang in dense bunches from the roof. They lie a foot thick upon every board, and two feet thick below. They are suspended on the walls. Men pass incessantly along the gangways, carrying a load that would fill a barrow. And all the while fresh stores are accumulating under the hands of that little group in the middle, bent and busy at cases just arrived. They belong to a lot of eighty that came in from Burmah last night; and whilst we look on, a boy brings a telegram announcing fifty more, from Mexico, that will reach Waterloo at 2.30 P.M. Great is the wrath and great the anxiety at this news, for some one has blundered; the warning should have been despatched three hours before. Orchids must not arrive at unknown stations unless there be somebody of discretion and experience to meet them, and the next train does not leave St. Albans until 2.44 P.M.! Dreadful is the sense of responsibility, alarming the suggestions of disaster, that arise from this incident.

The Burmese cases in hand just now are filled with *Dendrobiums*, *crassinode* and *Wardianum*, stowed in layers as close as possible, with *Dendrobium Falconerii* for packing material. A royal way of doing things indeed to substitute an orchid of value for shavings or moss, but mighty convenient and profitable. For the packing will be sent to Stevens' Auction Rooms presently, and will be sold for no small proportion of the sum which its more delicate charge attains. We remark that the experienced persons who remove, layer by layer, these precious sticks perform their office gingerly. There is not much danger of unpleasantness in unpacking *Dendrobes*, compared with other genera, but ship rats spring out occasionally and give an ugly bite; scorpions and centipedes have been known to harbour in the close roots of *D. Falconerii*; stinging ants are by no means improbable, nor huge spiders; while cockroaches of giant size, which should be killed, may be looked for with certainty. But men learn a habit of caution by experience of cargoes much more perilous. In those masses of *Arundina bambusæfolia* beneath the table yonder doubtless there are centipedes lurking, perhaps even scorpions, which have escaped the first inspection. Happily, these pests are dull, half stupefied with the cold, when discovered, and no man here has been stung, circumspect as they are; but ants arrive as alert and as vicious as in their native realm. Distinctly they are no joke. To handle a consignment of *Epidendron bicornutum* demands some nerve. A very ugly species loves its hollow bulbs, which, when disturbed, shoots out with lightning swiftness, and nips the arm or hand so quickly that it can seldom be avoided. But the most awkward cases to deal with are those which contain *Schomburghkia tibicina*. This superb orchid is so difficult to bloom that very few will attempt it; I have seen its flower but once, at Mr. Sander's, and there are not many instances recorded. Packers strongly approve the reluctance of the public to buy, since it restricts importation. For *Schomburghkia tibicina* has a hollow bulb which at home grows two feet long, and is used by the children in Honduras as a trumpet. It has a hole at the base, and an ant of peculiar virulence takes up its abode therein. Though the utmost precautions are used, of course, it is almost impossible to escape these small fiends entirely. The foreman has been laid up again and again. But they find pleasing curiosities also, tropic beetles, and insects, and cocoons. *Dendrobiums* in especial are favoured by moths; *D. Wardianum* particularly is loaded with their webs, empty, as a rule. Hitherto the men have preserved no chrysalids, but at this moment they have a few of unknown species.

Thence we mount to the potting rooms, where a dozen skilled workmen try to keep pace with the growth of the imported plants; taking up, day by day, those which thrust out roots so fast that postponement is injurious. The broad middle tables are heaped with peat and moss and leaf-mould and white sand. At tables on either side unskilled labourers are sifting and mixing, while boys come and go, laden with pots, and baskets of teak-wood, and crocks and charcoal. These things are piled in heaps against the walls; they are stacked on frames overhead; they fill the semi-subterranean chambers of which we get a glimpse in passing. Our farm resembles a factory in this department.

Ascending to upper earth again, and crossing the corridor, we may visit number one of those glass-houses opposite. I cannot imagine, much more describe, how that spectacle would strike one to whom it was wholly unfamiliar. These buildings—there are twelve of them, side by side—measure one hundred and eighty feet in length, and the narrowest has thirty-two feet breadth. This which we enter is devoted to *Odontoglosson crispum*, with a few *Masdevallias*. There were twenty-two thousand pots in it the other day; several thousand have been sold, several thousand have been brought in, and the number at this moment cannot be computed. Our farmer has no time for speculative arithmetic; he deals in produce wholesale. Telegraph an order for a thousand *Crispums* and you cause no stir in the establishment, though it may mean, after reduction for quantity, as many pounds. You take it for granted that a large dealer only could propose such a transaction. But it does not follow at all; as likely as not the buyer is an amateur. Nobody could credit, unless he had talked with one of the great farmers, on what enormous scale orchids are cultivated up and down by private persons. Our friend has a client who keeps his stock of *O. crispums* alone at ten thousand; but others, less methodical, may have more. As for the money employed, why—perhaps—cash down—yes, if a large consignment were approaching from over sea—he would not hesitate much to accept a pound a pot. 22,000*l.* for the contents of one among twelve houses, and that very, very far from the most valuable! So much for business. I linger on these prosaic details in absolute dread of the task that must be faced.

Opposite the door is a high staging, mounted by steps, with a gangway down the middle, and shelves descending on either hand. Those shelves are crowded with fine plants of the glorious *O. crispum*, each bearing one or two spikes of flower, which trail

down, interlace, arch upward. Not all are in bloom; that amazing sight may be witnessed for a month to come—for two months, with such small traces of decay as the casual visitor would not notice. So long and dense are the wreaths, so broad the flowers, that the structure seems to be festooned from top to bottom with snowy garlands. But there is more. Overhead hang rows of baskets, lessening in perspective, with pendent sprays of bloom. And broad tables which edge the walls beneath that staging display some thousands still, smaller but not less beautiful. A sight which words could not portray. I yield in despair.

The tillage of the farm is our business, and there are many points here which the amateur should note. Observe the bricks beneath your feet. They have a hollow pattern which retains the water, though your boots keep dry. Each side the pathway lie shallow troughs, always full. Beneath that staging mentioned is a bed of leaves, interrupted by a tank here, by a group of ferns there, vividly green. Slender iron pipes run through the house from end to end, so perforated that on turning a tap they soak these beds, they fill the little troughs and hollow bricks, they play in all directions down below, but never touch a plant. Under such constant drenching the leaf-beds decay, throwing up those gases and vapours in which the orchid delights at home. Thus the amateur should arrange his greenhouse, so far as he may. But I would not have it understood that these elaborate contrivances are essential. If you would beat Nature, as here, making invariably such bulbs and flowers as she produces only under rare conditions, you must follow this system. But orchids are not exacting.

The house opens, at its further end, in a magnificent structure designed to exhibit Cattleyas in bloom. I frankly rejoice to observe that it is still unfinished, or at least untenanted. For if that display of *Odontoglosson crispum* routed my vocabulary, where should I find words to describe a building three hundred feet long, twenty-six wide, eighteen high, filled—actually filled—with Cattleyas and intermediate species all a-blowing? There is a limit to superlatives, which I soon reach. At the date when this article is published the show will be open, and St. Albans is not far from London—go and see for yourself! Suffice it here that the piping, laid end to end, would measure, as nearly as possible, one mile.

By another door we enter the second of the range of greenhouses, also devoted to *Odontoglossons*, *Masdevallias*, and ‘cool’

genera, as crowded as the last; pass down it to the corridor, and return through number three, which is occupied by *Cattleyas* and such. There is a lofty mass of rock in front, with a pool below, and a pleasant sound of splashing water. Many orchids of the largest size are planted out here—*Cypripedium*, *Cattleya*, *Sobralia*, *Phajus*, *Lælia*, *Zygopetalon*, and a hundred more ‘specimens,’ as the phrase runs—that is to say, they have ten, twenty, fifty, flower spikes. I attempt no more descriptions; to one who knows, the plain statement of fact is enough, one who does not is unable to conceive that sight by aid of words. But the *Sobralias* demand attention. They stand here in clumps two feet thick, bearing a wilderness of loveliest bloom—like *Irises* magnified and glorified by heavenly enchantment. Nature designed a practical joke perhaps when she granted these noble flowers but one day’s existence each, while dingy *Epidendrons* last six months, or nine, or twelve. I imagine that for stateliness and delicacy combined there is nothing on earth that rivals the *Sobralia*. At any single point they may be matched—among orchids, be it understood, by nothing else in Nature’s realm; in the matter of gorgeous colouring they are surpassed—but their magnificence and grace together cannot be outshone.

I must not dwell upon the marvels here, in front, on either side, and above—a hint is enough. There are baskets of *Lælia anceps* three feet across, lifted bodily from the tree in their native forest where they had grown perhaps for centuries. One of them—the white variety too, which æsthetic infidels might adore, though they believed in nothing—opened a hundred spikes at Christmas time; we do not concern ourselves with minute reckonings here. But an enthusiastic novice counted the flowers blooming one day on that huge mass of *Lælia albida* yonder, and they numbered two hundred and eleven—unless, as some say, this was the quantity of ‘spikes,’ in which case one must have to multiply by two or three. Such incidents may be taken for granted at the farm.

But we must not pass a new orchid, quite distinct and supremely beautiful, for which Professor Reichenbach has not yet found a name sufficiently appreciative. Only eight pieces were discovered, whence we may suspect that it is very rare at home; I do not know where the home is, and I should not tell if I did. Such information is more valuable than the surest tip for the Derby, or most secrets of State. This new orchid is a *Cyrrhopetalon*, of very small size, but, like so many others, its

flower is bigger than itself. The spike inclines almost to a right angle, and the pendent half is hung with golden bells, nearly two inches in length. Beneath it stands the very rare scarlet *Utricularia*, growing in the axils of its native *Vriesia*, as in a cup always full. It may be news to some that *Utricularias* do not belong to the orchid family—have, in fact, not the slightest kinship, though associated by growers to such degree that Mr. Sander admits them to his farm. A little story hangs to the exquisite *U. Campbelli*. All importers are haunted by the spectral image of *Cattleya labiata*, which, in its true form, has been brought to Europe only once, forty years ago. Many thousands of pounds, many years of adventurous travel have been spent, in the aggregate, upon efforts to rediscover it; in vain. Some time since, Mr. Sander was looking through the drawings of Sir Robert Schomburghk, in the British Museum, among which is a most eccentric *Cattleya* named—for reasons beyond comprehension—a variety of *C. Mossiæ*. He jumped at the conclusion that this must be the long lost *C. labiata*. So strong indeed was his confidence that he despatched a man post haste over the Atlantic to explore the Roraima mountain; and, further, gave him strict injunctions to collect nothing but this precious species. For eight months the traveller wandered up and down among the Indians, searching forest and glade, the wooded banks of streams, the rocks and clefts, but he found neither *C. labiata* nor that curious plant which Sir Robert Schomburghk described. Upon the other hand, he came across the lovely *Utricularia Campbelli*, and in defiance of instructions brought it down. But very few reached England alive. For six weeks they travelled on men's backs, from their mountain home to the river Essequibo; thence, six weeks in canoe to Georgetown, with twenty portages; and so aboard ship. The single chance of success lies in bringing them down, undisturbed, in the great clumps of moss which are their habitat, as is the *Vriesia* of other species.

I will allow myself a very short digression here. It may seem unaccountable that a plant of large growth, distinct flower, and characteristic appearance, should elude the eye of persons trained to such pursuits, and encouraged to spend money on the slightest prospect of success, during forty years. But if we recall the circumstances thoughtfully it ceases to astonish. I myself spent many months in the forests of Borneo, Central America, and the West African coast—several years, if they be reckoned together. After that experience I scarcely understand how such a quest, for a

given object, can ever be successful unless by mere fortune. To look for a needle in a bottle of hay is a promising enterprise compared with the search for an orchid clinging to some branch high up in that green world of leaves. As a matter of fact, collectors seldom discover what they are specially charged to seek, if the district be untravelled—the natives, therefore, untrained to grasp and assist their purpose. This remark does not apply to orchids alone; not by any means. Few besides the scientific, probably, are aware that the common *Eucharis amazonica* has been found only once; that is to say, but one consignment has ever been received in Europe, from which all our millions in cultivation have descended. Where it exists in the native state is unknown, but assuredly this ignorance is nobody's fault. For a generation at least skilled explorers have been hunting. Mr. Sander has had his turn, and has enjoyed the satisfaction of discovering species closely allied, as *Eucharis Mastersii* and *Eucharis Sanderiana*; but the old-fashioned bulb is still to seek.

This third greenhouse, as we loiter through it, gives some notion of the sight which the grand exhibition building will offer shortly. A large importation of *Cattleya trianae* arrived so late last year that their sheaths have opened contemporaneously with *C. Mossiae*. I should fear to hazard a guess how many thousand flowers of each are blooming now. As the *Odontoglossons* cover their stage with snow wreaths, so this is decked with upright plumes of *Cattleya*, white and rose and purple in endless variety of tint, with many a streak of other hue between. For the plants are not arranged by genera or species. They flower as they stand, as they chance to have been put upon the shelf; only, of course, all are intermediate—that is, neither cool nor hot.

Suddenly our guide becomes excited, staring at a basket overhead beyond reach. It contains a smooth-looking object, very green and fat, which must surely be good to eat—but this observation is alike irrelevant and disrespectful. Why, yes! Beyond all possibility of doubt that is a spike issuing from the axil of its fleshy leaf! Three inches long it is already, thick as a pencil, with a big knob of bud at the tip. Such pleasing surprises befall the orchidacean! This plant came from Borneo so many years ago that the record is lost; but the oldest servant of the farm remembers it, as a poor cripple, hanging between life and death, season after season. Cheerful as interesting is the discussion that arises. More like a *Vanda* than anything else,

the authorities resolve, but not a Vanda! Commending it to the special care of those responsible, we pass on.

Here is the largest mass of *Catasetum* ever found, or even rumoured, lying in ponderous bulk upon the stage much as it lay in a Guatemalan forest. It is engaged in the process of 'plumping up.' Orchids shrivel in their long journey, and it is the importer's first care to renew that smooth and wholesome rotundity which indicates a conscience untroubled, a good digestion, and an assurance of capacity to fulfil any reasonable demand. Beneath the staging you may see myriads of withered sticks, clumps of shrunk and furrowed bulbs by the thousand, hung above those leaf-beds mentioned; they are 'plumping' in the damp shade. The larger pile of *Catasetum*—there are two—may be four feet long, three wide, and eighteen inches thick; how many hundreds of flowers it will bear passes computation. I remarked that when broken up into handsome pots it would fill a greenhouse of respectable dimensions; but it appears that there is not the least intention of dividing it. The farmer has several clients who will snap at this natural curiosity, when, in due time, it is put on the market.

At the far end of the house stands another piece of rockwork, another little cascade, and more marvels than I can touch upon. In fact, there are several which would demand all the space at my disposition, but, happily, one reigns supreme. This is a *Cattleya Mossiae*, the pendant of the *Catasetum*, by very far the largest orchid of any kind that was ever brought to Europe. For some years Mr. Sander, so to speak, hovered round it, employing his shrewdest and most diplomatic agents. For this was not a forest specimen. It grew upon a high tree beside an Indian's hut, near Caraccas, and belonged to him as absolutely as the fruit in his compound. His great-grandfather, indeed, had 'planted' it—so he declared, but this is highly improbable. The giant has embraced two stems of the tree, and covers them both so thickly that the bare ends of wood at top alone betray its secret; for it was sawn off, of course, above and below. I took the dimensions as accurately as may be, with an object so irregular and prickly. It measures—the solid bulk of it, leaves not counted—as nearly as possible five feet in height and four thick—one plant, observe, pulsating through its thousand limbs from one heart; at least, I mark no spot where the circulation has been checked by accident or disease, and the pseudo bulbs beyond have been obliged to start an independent existence.

In speaking of *Loelia elegans* I said that those Brazilian islanders who have lost it might find solace could they see its happiness in exile. The gentle reader thought this an extravagant figure of speech, no doubt, but it is not wholly fanciful. Indians of Tropical America cherish a fine orchid to the degree that in many cases no sum, and no offer of valuables, will tempt them to part with it. Ownership is distinctly recognised when the specimen grows near a village. The root of this feeling, whether superstition or taste, sense of beauty, rivalry in magnificence of church displays, I have not been able to trace. It runs very strong in Costa Rica, where the influence of the aborigines is scarcely perceptible, and there, at least, the latter motive is sufficient explanation. Glorious beyond all our fancy can conceive must be the show in those lonely forest churches, which no European visits save the 'collector,' on a feast day. Mr. Roezl, whose name is so familiar to botanists, left a description of the scene that time he first beheld the *Flor de Majo*. The church was hung with garlands of it, he says, and such emotion seized him at the view that he choked. The statement is quite credible. Those who see that wonder now, prepared for its transcendent glory, find no words to express their feeling: imagine an enthusiast beholding it for the first time, unwarned, unsuspecting that earth can show such a sample of the flowers that bloomed in Eden! And not a single branch, but garlands of it! Mr. Roezl proceeds to speak of bouquets of *Masdevallia Harryana*, three feet across, and so forth. The natives showed him 'gardens' devoted to this species, for the ornament of their church; it is not cultivated, of course, but evidently planted. They were acres in extent.

The Indian to whom this *Cattleya Mossiæ* belonged refused to part with it at any price for years; he was overcome by a rifle of peculiar fascination, added to the previous offers. A magic-lantern has very great influence in such cases, and the collector provides himself with one or more nowadays as part of his outfit. Under that charm, with 47*l.* in cash, Mr. Sander secured his first *C. Mossiæ alba*, but it has failed hitherto in another instance, though backed by 100*l.*, in 'trade' or dollars at the Indian's option.

We have viewed but three houses out of twelve, a most cursory glance at that! The fourth also is intermediate, filled with *Cattleyas*, warm *Oncidiums* and *Lycastes*, *Cypripediums*—the inventory of names alone would occupy all my space remaining.

And at every step I mark some object worth a note, something that recalls, or suggests, or demands a word. But we must get along. The fifth house is cool again—*Odontoglossons* and such; the sixth is given to *Dendrobies*. But facing us as we enter stands a *Lycaste Skinneri* which illustrates in a manner almost startling the infinite variety of the orchid. I positively dislike this species, obtrusive, pretentious, vague in colour, and stiff in form. But what a royal glorification of it we have here!—what exquisite veining and edging of purple or rose; what a velvet lip of crimson darkening to claret! It is merely a sport of Nature, but she allows herself such glorious freaks in no other realm of her domain. And here is a new *Brassia* just named by the pontiff of orchidology, Professor Reichenbach. Those who know the tribe of *Brassias* will understand why I make no effort to describe it. This wonderful thing is yet more ‘all over the shop’ than its kindred. Its dorsal sepal measures three inches in length, its ‘tail’ five inches, with an enormous lip between. They term it the Squid Flower, or Octopus, in Mexico; and a good name too. But in place of the rather weakly colouring habitual, it has a grand decision of character, though the tones are alike—pale yellow and greenish; and its raised spots, red and deep green, are distinct as points of velvet upon muslin.

I cannot linger to tell of other striking objects in this house—not even of the *Dendrobium Jamesianum* which connoisseurs appreciate so warmly; it is another of Nature’s sports. In the seventh house we return to *Odontoglossons* and their class. There are a number of Hybrids here called ‘natural,’ upon which I should have a good deal to say if inexorable fate permitted; ‘natural hybrids’ are plants which seem species, but, upon thoughtful examination and study, are suspected to be the offspring of kindred and neighbours. Interesting questions arise in surveying fine specimens side by side, all in flower, all attributed to a cross between *Odontoglosson Lindleyana* and *Odontoglosson crispum Alexandræ*, and all quite different. But we must get on to the eighth house, from which the ninth branches.

Here is the stove, and twilight reigns over that portion where a variety of supra-tropic genera are ‘plumping up,’ making roots, and generally reconciling themselves to a new start in life. Such dainty, delicate souls may well object to the apprenticeship. It must seem very degrading to find themselves laid out upon a bed of cinders and moss, hung up by the heels above it, and even planted therein; but if they have as much good sense as some

believe, they may be aware that it is all for their good. At the end, in full sunshine, stands a little wood of *Vanda* trees, set as closely as their stiff branches will allow. Still we must get on. There are bits of wood hanging here so rotten that they scarcely hold together; faintest dots of green upon them assure the experienced that presently they will be draped with pendent leaves, and presently again with blue and white and scarlet flowers of *Utricularia*.

From the stove opens a very long narrow house, where cool genera are 'plumping,' laid out on moss and potsherds; many of them have burst into strong growth. *Pleiones* are flowering freely as they lie. This farmer's crops come to harvest faster than he can attend to them. Things beautiful and rare and costly are measured here by the yard—so many feet of this piled up on the stage, so many of the other, from all quarters of the world, waiting the leisure of these busy agriculturists. Nor can we spare them more than a glance. The ninth house is filled with *Odontoglossons*, in pots, but planted out among cinders, making a carpet so close, so green, that flowers are not required to charm the eye as it surveys the long perspective. The tenth, eleventh, and twelfth are filled with cargoes of imported plants.

It may be remarked that very little of this space is allotted to the warm genera, and scarcely any to the 'hot.' The truth is that these have twelve more houses to themselves—another branch of the farm! My pages are filled—to what poor purpose, seeing how they might have been used for such a theme, no one could be so conscious as I.

FREDK. BOYLE.

Eton : 1836 to 1841.

I WENT to Eton in September 1836, when I was twelve years old. I boarded at Mrs. Horsford's, and Coleridge was my tutor. Dr. Hawtrey was head-master, and Dr. Goodall was provost. The old school was prospering and the number of the boys annually increasing under Hawtrey's bland administration.

Half a century afterwards—*i.e.* in 1887—I had occasion to go to Eton to see a grandson, and by good luck a friend of his took me to have a look at my old room at my dame's. Fifty years may have made a considerable change in me, but time seemed to have had scarcely any effect on the appearance of the little room. There were the old upright iron window-bars, through which I could just squeeze my head as a boy. The familiar press-bed, on which I had slept for five years, was in its old place. There was a new bureau—every boy at Eton has a bureau—but the new bureau was the facsimile of my old one. There was the painted cupboard in which we kept our crockery and knives and forks and jampots. A projecting green curtain concealed the washhandstand, as it did in olden times. The wooden chair was of the same make and pattern as it had been of yore. And there was the very identical oak table, on which Lord Seaham had carved his name several years before it descended to my use.

It may readily be believed that the sight of the old room awakened long dormant memories; and the faces and figures of many of the boys who had been my companions fifty years ago seemed to rise up before my eyes. It is said that old people remember the events of their younger days more clearly than those of middle life. Having arrived at that time of life which Lord Beaconsfield called 'anecdotalage,' I venture to recount a few old stories and reminiscences of what happened at Eton 'in my time,' as we call it. My contemporaries are becoming fewer every year, and I hope that those among them whose names are mentioned will not be offended at my taking the liberty to write of them.

How well I remember the first evening of my career at Eton ! I had gone to school about a fortnight later than the other boys, and was specially commended to the care of the captain of my dame's, the great William Rogers, now rector of St. Botolph, Bishopsgate, whose 'Reminiscences' have lately been published. I had tea with my dame, a handsome old lady, who, with her two kindly daughters, managed the house. A maidservant had then shown me to my room, and helped in unpacking my clothes and books ; and I was feeling rather proud, as monarch of all I surveyed, with a blazing fire to warm me, when there came a tap at the door, followed by the entrance of a small boy, rather bigger than me, who introduced himself as 'Three-fingered Jack' (owing to an injury to one of his hands), and proceeded to catechise me as to my name and age and tutor and place in school, and the amount of my pocket-money, and my preference for dry-bobbing or wet-bobbing. We soon became confidential, and he then told me something about himself, with some little embroidery of his facts, as I afterwards learnt. He had been three years at Eton, and was now in the Lower Remove, in which I had been placed. He therefore proposed that we should mess together at breakfast and tea, and do our school-work together—a little scheme that suited him admirably, as it meant that I was to prepare the lessons for him and do most of his verses. I was, however, rather a gainer by this compact, for he gave me some of the benefit of his experience ; and as he was 'in the lower boats,' in which lower boys were then allowed to row, he had a certain sort of *prestige* amongst other boys, which made me glad to have him as a friend.

Not very long after Three-fingered Jack had left me, another little fellow came to say that the captain of my dame's wanted to see me, and he took me to a room where I found all the big fellows in the house assembled. Some of them were very big, to my juvenile apprehension ; 'Fat Rogers,' as he was then called, being no chicken, whilst poor 'Baby Frere,' who was afterwards drowned at Cambridge, was even bigger than Rogers. There were some eight or ten others, and among them the two Johnsons, very clever boys, one of whom is now known as Canon Furse, of Westminster, whilst the younger brother, who subsequently became a collegier, was the celebrated Billy Johnson, one of the under-masters of Eton for many years. I was again catechised on many points personal to myself, and some mild attempts were made to 'green me,' as boys call it. A nickname was suggested for me as 'Young Waterloo,' because there was a market-gardener of my

name, whose cart used to stop before my dame's door; and he, having fought at Waterloo, was accustomed to tell tales about the great battle, and was called 'Old Waterloo.' My services as a fag were allotted to Fat Rogers, who was a kind and considerate master, and he gave me 'the liberties' and 'his name.' If I remember rightly, the 'liberties' gave an immunity from all fagging for the first ten days; whilst the 'name' was a valuable permanent protection, as a lower boy, when called on by another fellow to fag for him, was at liberty to excuse himself by pleading that he was fagging for the boy whose 'name' had been given him.

There were only three or four lower boys in my dame's house, so that a new fag was an acquisition. Fat Rogers was in the sixth form and in the upper boats, and he messed with some other big fellows, whose appetites required to be appeased by beefsteaks and chops and sausages and chocolate at breakfast. It was almost a daily task to go and fetch a dish of beefsteaks from the 'Christopher,' which was handy to my dame's, and I believe they were the best beefsteaks in the world. I and another fag named Jodrell (long since dead) used to take it in turns to make the chocolate. One day, soon after my arrival, the chocolate-pot was upset on the fire, and the question arose who was to get a fresh supply of milk for our masters. Jodrell was an older and taller but slighter boy than I, and he insisted on my buying the milk; and when words failed, he tried to coerce me. We fought, and he fell with a terrible black eye, and it became his lot to go and buy the fresh supply of milk. When our masters came in they found their breakfast all ready, and dismissed their fags without noticing Jodrell's eye.

But I was to hear more about it afterwards. That evening, after lock-up, a boy named Temple (the present Duke of Buckingham) came over from Cookesley, Jodrell's tutor, to say that he wanted to speak to me. On our way to Cookesley's, Temple (who seemed to me then quite a big fellow, though he is now not much above my shoulder) amused himself by informing me that Cookesley was going to have me swished for hitting Jodrell, which seemed to me very unfair, seeing that he began the fight. We arrived at Cookesley's pupil-room and found him busy correcting verses. Presently he looked up and said, 'Who's this?' Temple answered, 'This is the boy who gave Jodrell a black eye.' 'What's your name?' asked Cookesley; and on hearing my name he jumped up and shook my hand, and said, 'Mrs. Cookesley knows your father. Temple, take him up to have tea with you and Mrs.

Cookesley in the drawing-room.' Nothing more was heard about the black eye or the swishing; and Cookesley and his wife were ever afterwards very kind to me, and always asked me to breakfast every half.

The idea of fagging or being fagged is a sort of bugbear with some modern philosophers. I look back to it with pleasure. It taught us to obey before we began to command. We had no unpleasant services to perform, such as the blacking of boots or the cleaning of lamps. But we learnt to brew tea and coffee and chocolate, and to make toast, and to butter muffins, and to boil eggs; none of which arts we should ever have been taught otherwise, and the knowledge thus acquired has been of lifelong use. Nor was this all. We used to have Dutch ovens and small grid-irons, with which we cooked, at our own fires, sausages and chops and tiny beefsteaks and poached eggs. I hear that cooking utensils are not allowed now in a boy's room. More's the pity! for this slight knowledge of cookery has often helped me and my comrades in 'foreign parts.' There was occasionally a silly arbitrary exercise of fagging power, when a little fellow was told to go 'up town' to some shop to buy sixpennyworth of straight-hooks or a pint of pigeon's milk; which latter commission usually caused dire offence to the damsel at the shop where the pigeon's milk was demanded. There were two kinds of fagging which young oppidans disliked. The big collegers used to have private rooms over the shops in the Eton street, on and beyond Barnes' pool bridge. From their windows they would hail a lower boy and fag him to go into college to fetch a book or one of their greasy black gowns, which we all detested. But it was worst of all to be fagged to fill basins for the collegers in Long Chamber. There were, I think, about sixty boys in college, who were locked up at night in the Long Chamber where they all slept. There was a long and strong table about the middle of the chamber, on which were some twenty large white basins for the collegers to wash in by turns. The basins could only be replenished from the pump, out of doors, in Weston's yard; and the little collegers, who were themselves fags, used to try and catch small oppidans to help them empty and fill the basins. There was another kind of fagging in Long Chamber which was not so bad. A little before Election Saturday it was the custom to clean and polish the oak floor of Long Chamber. For this purpose oppidan fags were caught, and whilst one of them was seated on a horse-rug, or coarse blanket taken from a colleger's bed, the others dragged him up and down the

floor, so that the weight of his little person polished the boards. Collegers were always called 'Tugs' in my time. 'Tug' was supposed to be short for tug-mutton, as they were then allowed by the college statutes to have no meat but mutton. I find that oppidans and collegers still continue to dislike one another, and it is my belief that the cause of offence lies chiefly in the stupid black cloth gowns which collegers have to wear. It is, however, to be admitted that it is chiefly the small oppidans who hate the tugs. When an oppidan grows up, and rises towards the top of the school, he usually finds out that some of the tugs are very excellent fellows, and quite as good as his oppidan friends. Nevertheless, in after life it is seldom that an old colleger, in talking about Eton, avows the fact that he was in college, unless he is aware that it is known to his companion.

Boys who boarded at a dame's house had to go to their tutor's for 'pupil-room' and 'private,' which terms meant the special work done with their tutor. Some boys had private tutors to look exclusively after them. At my dame's there were three young noblemen, each with a private tutor and separate suite of rooms. One of these was Worcester, the present Duke of Beaufort. He was perhaps absolutely the most handsome boy in the school, though some might have voted for Sir Henry de Bathe. Worcester was my tutor's pupil, and we used daily to go to pupil-room together; but at my dame's house he spent his time chiefly in his private tutor's rooms, though he had his meals with the other boys. Mountcharles, the late Marquis of Conyngham, also had a private tutor. He was a great favourite and a very good-looking boy, but in a different style from Worcester. One Sunday afternoon, when the Queen was walking with her royal party and attendants on the East Terrace of Windsor Castle, her quick eye observed Mountcharles in the crowd of people (of whom many were Eton boys) looking on from the gardens below the terrace, and an equerry came and summoned him up, much blushing, to be introduced to the Queen. Nelson, the present Earl Nelson, was the third boy with a private tutor. He was rather a retired little fellow, and used to play with his hoop in my dame's garden instead of joining in our ordinary games.

My tutor was Coleridge, the late Rev. Edward Coleridge, one of the most handsome men of his day, and the most genial and hard-working of tutors. Not long ago Goldwin Smith, in writing of him, described him as the Arnold of Eton. Goldwin Smith was one of his pupils, and I shall have something more to say

about him presently. There can be no doubt that Coleridge's pupils were very successful, and had for some years almost a monopoly of the Newcastle scholarship and medal, which were then the chief prizes of the school. Probably many of the pupils were clever boys, but they owed a great deal of their scholastic success to their tutor's excellent teaching. The power of teaching is a personal gift, and its exercise needs consummate skill and patience and insight into character. A great part of an Eton tutor's work is sheer drudgery. The correction of Latin prose and verses is very dreary, and it is seldom that any schoolboy composition is sufficiently well and cleverly written to relieve the monotony of much mediocrity. But Coleridge never spared himself in this labour. I remember well going to him one evening to have my first copy of Greek iambics looked over. There were piles of other exercises on his table. But when I came in he, as usual, greeted me kindly, and took up my verses. Then he groaned. He had read the first line, and found two grave faults in it, to my horror. For let me confess that this first line was copied bodily from some Greek iambics done at Rugby, where this line had passed muster more than once before Prince Lee, and, I believe, Dr. Arnold. My tutor promptly tinkered and amended it, and I fear spent much time in correcting the many other mistakes that he found. But instead of blaming me for thus occupying his time he encouraged me to do better; and I resolved to do better another time rather than subject him again to such a weary trial of his patience and kindness.

We met my tutor almost daily in pupil-room, when his pupils all assembled, according to their classes, to get a 'construe' of the lesson, in Latin or Greek, which they would presently do before their form-master in school. By a happy arrangement the whole school, from the sixth form down to the end of the fifth form, did the same lessons in Homer, Horace, Virgil, &c. This seemingly absurd system had its advantages in this way, for in pupil-room it enabled a tutor to instruct all his upper-school pupils as one class. When we were in pupil-room he would usually put on one of his best pupils to construe for us. I can well remember the clear silvery voice of John Duke Coleridge, now Chief Justice of England, who translated admirably; but his uncle now and again caught him tripping, and tried to check the tendency to conceit which seemed to make him fancy himself infallible. Hotham, the late Dean of Trinity, Cambridge, was an excellent scholar, but a peculiar thickness of his voice made it difficult to hear what he

said. The greatest favourite with us was Seymour, who was Newcastle scholar in the year after Hotham won that distinction. In the words of Homer, 'he had a voice sweeter than honey.' But he was cut off early in life before he could make a name in the world. As the construing went on my tutor occasionally asked questions of the rank and file among us, or drew attention to interesting points which would probably be noticed by the master to whom we were up in school. When we subsequently went into school, in our different classes, we met the pupils of the other tutors who had had a similar 'construe' and instruction in their tutors' pupil-rooms. So that the form-master, in the course of the lesson, occasionally came upon conflicting versions of the text, and it did not always happen that when a boy pleaded that 'my tutor said it was so' the form-master condescended to accept the authority offered.

I had been placed in the Lower Remove before Christmas, and we all found ourselves promoted without any examination into the Upper Remove after Christmas. There were only two recognised divisions of the year then, so it came to our turn to be examined in Trials before Midsummer, to settle our places in our class before we got into the fifth form. This was the only school examination to which I was subjected during five years at Eton; at the end of which time I had drifted up to the sixth form, and was third highest oppidan in the school. There were no other trials or collections or compulsory examinations of any sort after reaching the happy haven of the lower fifth form. Competition for the Newcastle scholarship was voluntary. A boy could get 'sent up for good' for a good copy of verses if the form-master to whom he was 'up' was satisfied with them. This copy of verses was subsequently read out in the Upper School by the head-master before the whole school, assembled to hear the performance. There were usually several exercises sent up for good, to be read out one after the other; and the author of each exercise had to take his stand by the side of the head-master, which was considered to be rather a trying ordeal. On the other hand, to be sent up for good had its compensations, for it was the rule at my dame's to give a sovereign to a boy each time he was sent up, though it must be mentioned that the sovereign was put down in the bill for the parents to pay at the end of the half. In the school list certain distinguishing marks or figures were put against the name of a boy after he had been sent up for good three times. In those days prizes and decorations were given as sparingly to Eton

boys as they were to the officers and men of the British army; and I venture to say that both schoolboys and soldiers did their duty as well as they do it now, simply because it was their duty.

Our lessons in school were not long or difficult or numerous. I may be wrong in some details, but my impression is that they were much as follows in the fifth form. At 8 A.M. there was a repetition lesson, usually about thirty lines of Latin, with sixty lines of Homer once a week. As soon as a boy had said his half of the thirty or sixty lines he was at liberty to go home to his room. The next school was at 11.15 and lasted till 11.45, the lesson being that portion of Greek or Latin of which a 'construe' had been got in tutor's pupil-room some time before 11. We met again at 3.15 for a lesson in Latin or Greek, which lasted till 3.45; and the final school was at 5.15, lasting till 5.45. Some people may wonder at the shortness of the school hours, but it must be remembered that the lessons for a boy cannot be very long—say forty or fifty lines of verse, or three or four pages of prose. When these had been once translated, parsed, and commented on by the clever boys at the head of the class, who were usually 'called up' by the form-master, he could only go through the performance a second time by calling up some of the duller boys, or idle fellows who had not troubled themselves to look at the lesson, or even to listen, whilst it had been construed in their presence. Imagine the feelings of a good scholar (which most of the Eton masters were) at hearing beautiful passages mauled and misinterpreted by reckless schoolboys, for whom the peril of being 'put in the bill,' as a punishment for their ignorance or idleness, had few terrors. So doubtless the master and the boys were equally well pleased when the quarter before the hour struck, and the class could be let out of school.

But those whose names had been 'put in the bill' did not usually leave the schoolroom with their fellows. When the delinquent's name had been 'put in the bill' by the form-master, the bill (a long slip of paper) was carried off by a boy, styled a præpostor, to the head-master; and after a short interval the præpostor would put his head into the class-room again and call out, 'Juggins to stay.' So when the other boys left the school it was for Juggins to make his way to the room where the head-master would be found, with the birch and the block and the attendant schoolboy lictors to secure the culprit whilst undergoing punishment. It was always more pleasant for Juggins if another boy in his class was condemned at the same time, as there is a

bond of sympathy in the anticipation of joint suffering, very different from the sympathy of those friends who stay voluntarily to witness the infliction of the punishment. It might happen that Juggins would have to wait till the head-master was ready, and it would be some relief to his mind to see small deputations arriving from the other schoolrooms of boys who were about to share his fate. I have to confess with regret that I was never flogged at Eton, though I ought to have been, as I may presently tell. But flogging was going out of fashion under the *régime* of dear old Hawtrey, and I am almost certain that he would have been very glad to have dispensed with it altogether, except in extreme cases of delinquency. It seemed to me that on ordinary occasions he administered the rod with a gentle and perfunctory touch. But he could hit hard enough if he pleased. There was a painful occasion when two boys, who had been guilty of cruelly bullying a little fellow, were sentenced to be flogged—'twelve cuts and two birches each'—in the presence of the whole school. Hawtrey laid it on with a will, and applied the second birches with renewed vigour, so that the miserable delinquents howled as piteously as such bullies can do when the tables are turned upon them.

There were many offences for which flogging was regarded as the proper punishment at Eton. No one seemed to regard flogging as an indignity in itself, but the question was as to the correct number of cuts which should be given for a particular offence. It seems rather absurd, but it was a well-known rule, that if a boy did not shirk a master when out of bounds he was liable to be flogged with five cuts. I may be permitted to tell a short story on this point. Two of my tutor's best pupils, Henry Hallam (who died young) and Goldwin Smith, had been capping Latin verses to one another as they walked along the Slough road, when they found themselves suddenly face to face with old Cookesley. It was too late to shirk. Cookesley asked their names and their tutor's name, and promised them the usual entertainment for the morrow. The two boys returned sadly to their tutor's and told the news to their companions. I fear that though both of them were very clever, they were rather priggish lads, and their companions were inclined to make some fun of them. There was a sort of feud or rivalry between Coleridge's pupils and Cookesley's pupils, and some of the boys had an absurd idea that Coleridge hated Cookesley, and that Cookesley would do anything to spite Coleridge. So this belief was strongly impressed on poor Hallam

and Smith, and they were warned that no intercession was likely to be of any avail to save them from the impending punishment. They were also told that 'first fault' could not be pleaded in an offence against a master of the school. But if they must submit to their fate, they might also prepare themselves to meet it. A big boy, of much experience in being flogged, explained to them that if a confection of oil and lampblack were well rubbed in on that part of the human frame on which the birch would fall, and then soundly patted with a shovel, the skin would be hardened and the sensation deadened, so that they would not feel any pain. Up to a late hour of the night Hallam and Smith anointed one another in the manner prescribed, and applied the shovel as freely and forcibly as they dared. The next morning the process was renewed, and they went in to eleven o'clock school, pale, but determined to meet their fate bravely. All through the time of school they waited and listened anxiously, expecting a præpostor to put in his head and to call out, 'Hallam and Smith to stay.' But no such invitation ever came. As a fact, Cookesley had forgotten all about the two boys by the time he got home, and never reported them to the head-master. But my tutor's pupils christened poor Hallam 'Oily Hallam,' and Smith 'Shovel Smith'; and they bore their nicknames for a long time at Eton, though perhaps they were not aware of it themselves.

I have mentioned above that I ought to have been flogged, but escaped the merited punishment. One afternoon I went to the room of a boy at my dame's, who had a beautiful little steel crossbow, and a plentiful supply of leaden bullets about the size of a large pea. We opened the window and began firing at the chimneypots on the top of a house about fifty yards distant. It took rather a good shot to hit the mark, and we were wrapped up in our exciting sport when the door of the room suddenly opened, and in walked my dame. We were caught red-handed, and without excuse. In the first place, steel crossbows were prohibited weapons. But that was not all. In firing at the chimneypots we had forgotten that there were other houses on beyond, and almost every bullet which missed its mark had found its way into the nursery windows of a respectable tradesman, and had endangered the life of his wife and children. This tradesman had run round to complain to my dame of the bombardment of his nursery, and she had promptly pounced upon us. She seized and confiscated the crossbow and bullets, and said, 'For two pins I'll complain of you, and have you well flogged to-morrow.' We had not a word

to say for ourselves, and we knew that we had deserved our fate, as much for our offence as for having let ourselves be found out. It seems to me that flogging was an appropriate punishment for such a breach of discipline and reckless mischief on the part of a big boy, for this incident occurred after I had been at least two years at Eton. But something occurred to appease my dame's wrath. It was said that she never did actually complain when she used her favourite expression of 'For two pins I'll complain of you.' I do not know why she let us off, unless it may be that she had a personal liking for the two offenders, and did not wish that her favourite boys should be punished. At all events, she did not complain of us. The persons who had most reason to complain were our parents, for the compensation paid to the tradesman and the cost of mending his broken windows was a considerable sum, and the amount was put down in the half-yearly school bill, to be paid by our parents instead of being mulcted from our pocket-money.

I hope that nothing that has now been written may be taken to be in disparagement of Eton. Whatever defects there may have been in the Eton system, there were great merits in it, which amply redeemed them. I have known a good deal about the other great public schools, and have had sons and nephews and other relations at them; but in no other school is such free scope given for the growth of mind and intellectual activity as at Eton. It must be remembered that a large proportion of the boys who go to Eton have no intention of becoming good classical or mathematical scholars; but they have to be trained to be men, and not to forget that they are gentlemen. For those boys who wish to work and to attain classical distinction, the privacy of their separate rooms affords them a safe and convenient place of study; and if the hours of lessons done in school are comparatively short, it leaves all the more time to the boy, who in the quietude of his own room can devote himself to such books as please him; and he will almost invariably find an able and friendly adviser in his tutor.

C. T. BUCKLAND.

*The Lost Conscience.*¹

CONSCIENCE was lost: but things went on as before. The streets and theatres were always crowded, men went about their business as usual, stirred by the same ambitions; and, if a good thing came in their way, each still struggled to be the first to snap it up. No one noticed that something had suddenly disappeared, that in the great Orchestra of Life one flute had ceased to play.

Some people even began to feel themselves more free and more at ease in their minds; they walked with a lighter step, and understood better the joy of tripping up a neighbour, the delight of flattering, cringing, deceiving, lying, and slandering.

It seemed as if all the difficulties of life had been done away with by magic. Men did not walk the common earth, they felt themselves carried along above it; nothing affected them, nothing made them stop to think. Everything, present and future, seemed to belong to these happy people who had lost Conscience without even knowing their loss.

It had disappeared suddenly—in an instant. Yesterday Conscience had been there, visible to all eyes, a tedious hanger-on, always demanding attention, and now suddenly its place was empty. Many troublesome ideas had disappeared with it, and particularly that moral discomfort which attends an inner monitor. Now, nothing was left to hinder men from floating down the stream of life enjoying all the pleasures that came in their way. The children of this world felt that they had shaken off the last chain which bound them; and it is needless to say that they hastened to enjoy their liberty. Now came the opportunity of the violent. Nothing was heard of but crime and robbery, and a general ruin began.

Meanwhile the unfortunate Conscience lay bruised and trodden underfoot in the highway, everyone kicking it as he passed. Men

¹ From the Russian of Chitchérine. Translated by Ed. O'Farell. Paris: *Librairie des Bibliophiles*, 1881.

walked over it as they would have done over any other miserable rag, wondering how it was that such a thing was allowed to lie in the busiest thoroughfare of a well-ordered town, in broad daylight.

Heaven knows that the poor outcast might have lain there long enough, but for a wretched drunkard, who, after eyeing it stupidly, picked it up, in the hope that he might be able to sell it for a glass of brandy. All at once, he felt a sort of electric shock through his whole being. He looked about him confusedly, and felt that the fumes of wine were clearing away from his brain. Little by little there came back to him the bitter knowledge of his real condition—a knowledge from which he had escaped at the price of drowning all his energies in drink. At first he felt nothing but fear, that unreasoning fear which sometimes seizes a man when he is dimly aware that some danger threatens him. Then his memory awoke; then his imagination began to speak. From the darkness of the shameful past his pitiless memory recalled every deed of violence, treachery, and injustice of which he had been guilty, everything that marked the degradation of his soul, while his imagination gave fresh life to all the details. At last he had awakened from his long sleep, but only to find himself in a court of justice, where he was at once judge and prisoner. His past life seemed to the miserable drunkard one long crime, one perpetual shame. It was not after question, examination, and analysis that this became clear to him, the first glance was enough. He saw his own degradation, and felt a thousand times more severely punished by this tribunal which he had himself set up, and before which his own will had brought him, than he could have been by the harshest human judgment. He would not even plead in extenuation that the greater part of this past life, which he so deplored, had been beyond his control—degraded, miserable drunkard that he was; that a mysterious power had cast him into this world, and driven him through it, as a hurricane, whirling across the steppes, drives before it a slender blade of grass. What was his past life? Why had it taken that course and not another? And he himself, what was he? These were questions to which there was no answer. He was only conscious of complete ignorance and deep astonishment. And now that Conscience had found him, what good could she do? Had she come merely to ask him merciless questions, to which there was no answer? Had she visited this ruined dwelling only to revive in it its former life? But then, ruined as it

was, such a shock would be more than it could bear. Alas! Conscience awakened brought neither hope nor peace, she only shook off her lethargy to lead him into a court, where his plea of Guilty led to no punishment. Formerly he had lived surrounded by a mist; to-day there was the same mist, but it was thronged with faces dire; at other times he had been encumbered with heavy chains, but to-day their weight was doubled because he understood clearly what chains they were.

Our drunkard began to shed idle tears: the worthy folk who were passing promptly gathered round him, declaring that nothing but drink was the matter with him. 'My friends, I cannot help crying,' said the unhappy drunkard; 'it is too much for me,' and the people shouted with laughter. They did not perceive that he had never been more sober than at this moment, and that he had really made a discovery which was breaking his heart. If this crowd had made a similar discovery itself, it would certainly have understood that a sorrow's crown of sorrow is to find one's conscience when one least expects it; it would have realised that it also was as degraded in mind and body as the drunkard who was bemoaning himself before it.

'No,' said the wretched creature, 'I must rid myself of this, cost what it may, or I am done for,' and he prepared at once to throw his windfall into the road, but was prevented from doing so by a policeman, who said, shaking his finger at him:

'See here, my good fellow, it strikes me that you are looking out for a chance of distributing revolutionary pamphlets on the sly. We'll soon have you in the lock-up.' The drunkard hastily hid his find in his pocket, and made off. He went stealthily, looking round to see that no one was watching him, towards the wine shop of an old acquaintance of his named Prokoritch. Before going in he peeped carefully through the window, and seeing that there were no customers in the shop, and that Prokoritch was dozing behind his counter, he opened the door quickly, ran in, and, without giving Prokoritch time to recognise him, thrust into his hand the terrible find, and fled.

Some seconds passed before Prokoritch opened his drowsy eyes; then he felt a cold shudder pass over him. He had a sort of vision that he was carrying on his business without a proper licence; but after a sharp look round he saw that he had all the papers—the blue, the yellow, and the green—demanded by the authorities. Then he glanced at the scrap of paper that he found in his hand, and seemed to recognise it,

'Ah! ah!' said he, 'it's the same morsel that I got rid of with so much difficulty just before I bought my licence; yes, it's the very same.'

When he was satisfied on this point, he soon came to the conclusion that his ruin was a certain thing. This is the argument that he followed, as it were, mechanically. 'A man is in business, this pest falls upon him; there's an end of it. No more business for him.'

Seized with a fear hitherto unknown to him, he began to tremble and grow pale. Conscience, awakened in him, murmured:

'No, no; it won't do to go on letting the poor people make themselves shamefully tipsy.'

Beside himself with terror, he called his wife, Arina Ivanovna, to his assistance.

Arina Ivanovna ran to him; but no sooner did she recognise the involuntary acquisition made by Prokoritch, than she cried out in great excitement—

'Help! Police! Stop thief!'

'Why am I to be instantly ruined through this miserable thing?' said Prokoritch to himself, wondering who had passed it on to him. Meanwhile, by degrees, the tavern filled with people; but Prokoritch, instead of serving his customers with his usual good-will, astonished them profoundly by not only refusing to sell them any wine, but also by pointing out to them, in the most touching way, that for the poor all misfortunes began through drink.

'If,' said he, through his tears, 'you would be satisfied with one little glass, that would be all very well—it would even be a good thing for you; but your only idea is to take every possible opportunity of swallowing whole caskfuls, and then what happens? You get drunk, they run you in, and you get a hundred lashes for your trouble. Consider, my friends, is it worth while to go through all this, and spend all your earnings upon a stupid fellow like me into the bargain?'

'Why, Prokoritch, you must be mad!' said all his astonished customers.

'That's not very surprising, my friends, when one is suffering from a misfortune such as has befallen me,' answered Prokoritch. 'See for yourselves the sort of licence I have received,' and he showed them the Conscience which the drunkard had thrust upon him, and asked if any one of them would like to have it. But as soon as they saw what it was, the question became, who could get

to the most respectful distance from it, and no one seemed in any hurry to accept the offer.

'You see the grand licence, who will have it?' repeated Prokoritch, getting angry.

'But what is to become of you now?' his customers asked.

'My friends, this is what I think: there is only one thing left for me to do, that is to die. I no longer wish to deceive my neighbours, or to make the poor people intoxicated with brandy. Therefore, what is left to me but to die?'

'He is right,' his customers said, laughing at him.

'I even have an idea,' continued Prokoritch, 'that I should like to break all the bottles you see round you, and let the contents of the casks run into the next canal, to get rid of the temptation to drink.'

Here Arina Ivanovna broke in with the simple words:

'Just try one or two, and see.' Her heart, it was evident, had not been touched by the divine gift which had so suddenly descended upon Prokoritch. But it was not easy to check him; he went on shedding bitter tears and talking continually.

'When a misfortune like mine overtakes a man,' he said, 'it's his fate, he was born to be unlucky. In thinking over his position, in trying to place himself, he would not dare to say, "I am a trader," or "I am a merchant." He could not do so without deep uneasiness. He would simply have to say, "I am an unlucky wretch."'

And during the whole day Prokoritch gave himself up to these flights of philosophy, for though Arina Ivanovna resolutely opposed her husband's idea of breaking the bottles and pouring their contents into the canal, still they did not sell any wine. Towards evening Prokoritch's sadness wore off, he became even gay; and as he went to bed he said to Arina Ivanovna, who was crying, 'Well, my dear wife, though we have gained nothing to-day, what does that matter? How light one feels when one has a clear conscience!'

And, indeed, he was asleep almost before his head touched his pillow; slumbering peacefully and not even snoring, whereas in the days when he made money and had no conscience he invariably snored!

Arina Ivanovna, however, saw things in a somewhat different light. She understood very clearly that for a tavern-keeper Conscience was by no means an agreeable acquisition, or one likely to be profitable, so she made up her mind that at any price

this unwelcome guest must be got rid of. She waited patiently all that night, but hardly had the dawn begun to appear through the dusty windows of the tavern, when she softly stole the Conscience from her sleeping husband and hastened out with it into the street.

It happened to be market day, the carts of the country folk were already coming in, one after another, and Lovets, the police inspector, himself was hastening to the market-place to see that everything went on in proper order.

When she saw him Arina Ivanovna had what seemed to her a brilliant idea. She ran after him until she was breathless, and, as soon as she had overtaken him, with surprising dexterity she slipped the Conscience into the pocket of his overcoat without his knowing it.

This Lovets was not an absolutely shameless rogue, but as he was not particular he indulged pretty freely in various little malpractices. His manner was not insolent, but he was gifted with a too-inquisitive glance. He had not had a hand in any very discreditable affair, but he snapped up willingly anything that came within his reach. In short, he was a very respectable rogue. But now, all at once, this man began to turn over a new leaf! When he reached the market-place he realised that all the goods in the carts and shops or upon the stalls did not belong to him, but to other people. Never before had he been conscious of this feeling. He rubbed his eyes, saying to himself:

‘Am I ill? All this must be a dream!’

He went up to a cart meaning to help himself to some of its contents, but his arms hung powerless at his sides. He moved towards another intending to pull the beard of a Moujik, but to his horror his hands remained clenched. Then he was terrified and said to himself:

‘What is the matter with me? I shall be ruining my profession for ever. It will be better for me to go home as I seem to have taken leave of my senses!’

Hoping always that this mysterious affliction would presently pass away, he walked through the market looking about him. It was crowded with all sorts of things, above all he noticed much poultry, and everything seemed to say to him, ‘You have only to stoop down and help yourself.’ The country people, however, became bolder, seeing that our friend was not going on as usual, and that he contented himself with looking very hard at their

goods. They even dared to make fun of him, calling him 'Niigaud Niigaudovitch!' (son of a simpleton).

'No, I have some unheard-of illness,' said Lovets to himself, and he went home empty-handed.

His wife was waiting for him, calculating, meanwhile, the number of bags, made of lime-tree bark, that he might be expected to bring in with him; for as a rule he took plenty of these out, and brought them back full of his pilferings. But to-day he returned without a single bag. On perceiving this Madame Lovets lost her temper at once, and darting up to her husband she said:

'Where are the bags?'

'Upon my conscience——' began Lovets.

'I ask you where are the bags?'

'Upon my conscience——' repeated Lovets.

'Oh, very well, then, let your conscience feed you till next market day. I have nothing to give you for dinner,' Madame Lovets declared.

Lovets hung his head, for he knew this was an argument to which he had no answer.

He took off his overcoat, and immediately his ideas changed entirely. Conscience remained in the pocket of the coat hung upon the wall, and Lovets at once felt light and free and more like himself. Once more it seemed to him that nothing in the world belonged to other people: that it was all his by right. The aptitude for appropriating and consuming everything came back to him.

'Ah! Ah! my good friends, now you won't get off so easily,' he cried, rubbing his hands; and he promptly put on his coat again, to hasten back to the market.

But, strangely enough, he had scarcely got it on when his impulse stopped short. He seemed to himself to be two men. One, without the overcoat, impudent and unscrupulous; the other, with it, timid and modest.

Although he found himself animated by the best intentions, he did not give up his idea of going back to the market. 'Perhaps,' he thought, 'I may end by getting the better of it.'

But the nearer he got to the market, the faster his heart beat, and the more he felt impelled to show some kindness to all these poor people, who worked in the rain and mud from morning to night to gain two copecks. He no longer thought of taking other people's property. On the contrary, he felt his purse a

burden to him now he realised that it contained, not his money, but his neighbours'.

'Here are fifteen copecks for you, friend,' he said to a peasant, giving him the money.

'Why do you give it to me, simpleton?'

'It is to make up for my former injustices. Pardon me, for the love of God.'

'May God forgive you, then.'

In this way he went through the market, giving away all his money, and when it came to an end he no doubt felt a great weight lifted from his mind. Nevertheless he became very thoughtful.

'I have certainly caught some illness,' he said again to himself. 'I had better go home, and I can take the opportunity of collecting together all the poor I meet by the way, and giving them a meal;' and he proceeded to do as he had said. He picked up numbers of beggars on the road, and brought them into his courtyard. At the sight of them Madame Lovets held up her hands in horror, asking what he would do next. Lovets came up to her and said in a caressing tone:

'Just see these good people whom I have brought you, my little Theodosia. Feed them, for the love of God.' But he had hardly had time to hang his coat upon the peg, when he again felt clear of all impediments. Seeing from the window all the beggars of the town assembled in his courtyard, he could not understand what they meant by coming there. What were they come for? Would he have to go out and beat them all?

'What are all these people doing here?' he asked, going towards the courtyard.

'What! All these people? They are the worthy vagabonds you have just told me to feed,' replied Madame Lovets, dryly.

'Let them be turned out this minute,' he cried angrily; and he rushed about the house like a madman. He paced up and down the rooms a long time, repeating incessantly, 'What can have happened to me?'

How was it that a man who used to be exact, even fierce, in the fulfilment of his professional duties, had suddenly become limp as a rag?

'Theodosia Petrovna, my good woman, for Heaven's sake have me tied up,' he entreated, 'I feel that to-day I am capable of committing follies which it would take a year to repair.'

Madame Lovets saw that her husband must be very ill indeed. So she put him to bed and made him swallow a hot draught.

After about a quarter of an hour it occurred to her to go and search the pockets of her husband's coat, to see if he had a copeck left. One of them contained an empty purse; in the other she found a scrap of dirty, oily paper. As soon as she had unfolded this paper, she cried out:

'Ah, here's an explanation of the tricks he has been playing us; he had Conscience in his pocket,' and she began to think. What puzzled her was how to get rid of Conscience, and to whom she could pass it on. She did not wish to crush with one blow whoever she should choose as the victim, but only to cause him a little temporary inconvenience. After some consideration she made up her mind that she had better bestow Conscience upon the Jew banker, Brjotski, the promoter of great commercial enterprises, and director of innumerable railway companies.

'His back is broad enough, at any rate,' she said to herself, 'it won't hurt him!'

Having decided this, she slipped Conscience carefully into a stamped envelope, upon which she wrote Brjotski's name and address, and then threw it into the letter-box.

'Now,' she said, going back to her husband, 'you can go to the market boldly.'

Brjotski was seated at dinner surrounded by his family. One of his sons, a boy ten years old, was next him; this child was pondering over banking transactions.

'What would happen, father,' he said, 'if I invested the money you have given me at twenty per cent. a month? How much should I have at the end of the year?'

'At simple or compound interest?' asked Brjotski.

'Oh, compound interest, of course.'

'At compound interest that would come to forty-five roubles and seventy-nine copecks, not counting the fractions.'

'Then, father, I shall invest it like that.'

'Invest it by all means, my boy, but take care that you get a very good security.'

On the other side of the table sat another of Brjotski's sons, who was seven years old. He also was occupied with an elementary problem in mental arithmetic. Further off sat two more, who were both engaged in calculating the amount of interest one owed to the other on a loan of sugar-candy.

Opposite Brjotski, his beautiful wife sat in state, holding in her arms her baby-girl, who already clutched instinctively at her mother's gold bracelets. In short, Brjotski was a happy man.

He was just tasting a new sauce, so delicious that he would willingly have had the sauce-tureen decked with old lace and ostrich feathers, when a servant handed him the letter. He had hardly taken it when he became extremely agitated.

‘Why should any one send me this thing?’ he cried, trembling all over. No one understood what he meant, but they all felt that to finish their meal was impossible. I will not describe the torments that Brjotski suffered on this memorable day. I will only mention one thing, that this man, weak and feeble as he seemed to be, bore like a hero the most terrible tortures, but as to giving up the smallest sum of money, nothing could make him do it.

‘What I suffer does not matter,’ he said to his wife in the moments of most acute agony. ‘Only hold me fast, and if the severity of the pain makes me ask for my cash-box, don’t bring it, my love. Let me die first!’ However embarrassing a situation may be there is almost always some way out of it, and one was found in this instance. Brjotski luckily remembered an old promise he had made to give something to a charitable institution of which a certain General who was a friend of his had the management. Time had slipped by without his doing so, but now circumstances pointed out to him the most convenient way of fulfilling his obligation. Without delay he cautiously opened the envelope which he had received by post, drew out the enclosure with a pair of pincers, put it into another envelope with bank notes for a hundred roubles, and, sealing it up carefully, went to see the said General.

‘I wish to help on this good work with a contribution, your Excellency,’ said he, placing his sealed packet upon the table before the General, whose face expressed his satisfaction.

‘It is a worthy act, sir,’ he replied. ‘Indeed you——’

Here his Excellency stopped in confusion.

‘Oh, quite so, your Excellency—quite so,’ said Brjotski hastily, happy to feel himself relieved from the heavy burden which had troubled him so much; ‘be assured that we financiers are animated by the purest patriotism, and are Russians above all things.’

‘Thanks! thanks!’ said the General, ‘and—hem! hem! However——’

‘Yes—your Excellency, Russians first, Russians first.’

‘Well! well! Good! good! God be with you.’

After this Brjotski flew rather than walked home, and by evening had quite forgotten his past sufferings and was himself again.

He went back to business at once, and spent the night in planning new banking transactions on a colossal scale.

The poor Conscience lived like this for a long time, and passed through many hands; she was not wanted anywhere. People's only idea was to get rid of her, to pass her on at any price, and at last, weary of this wandering Jew existence, she said sadly to her last possessor, a certain small tradesman whose business never prospered:

'Why do you continually torment me and tread me underfoot?'

'What do you want me to do with you, my dear Conscience?' he answered; 'you are no good at all.'

'This is what I suggest,' replied Conscience. 'Find me a little Russian baby and lodge me in his pure heart. Perhaps the innocent would receive and cherish me; as he grew up he might become attached to me, and take me with him into the world. Perhaps he would not hate me.'

The tradesman did as she wished. He found a little Russian child and slipped Conscience into his pure heart. As the child grows up Conscience will grow with him; one day he will be a great man with a great conscience. In that day all falsehood, crime, and violence will disappear, for Conscience, grown bolder, will speak, and will be obeyed.

M. WRIGHT.

The Saint's Mother.

[The mother of St. Simeon Stylites, hearing of his fame, came to see him, but was not allowed to enter the enclosure round the pillar. But when Simeon heard his mother's voice, he said to her, 'Bear up, my mother, a little while, and we shall see each other, if God will.' But she began to weep and to rebuke him, saying, 'Son, why hast thou done this? In return for the body I bore thee, thou hast filled me with grief. For the milk with which I nourished thee, thou hast given me tears. For the kiss with which I kissed thee thou hast given me an aching heart. . . . ' Simeon, on his pillar, was deeply agitated, and, covering his face with his hands, he wept bitterly and cried to her, 'Oh, lady mother, be still a little while, and we shall see each other in eternal rest.' The poor mother, with harrowed heart, hung about the place for three days, crying to her son, and wrung with grief to see his terrible penance, . . . and at the end of those three days she fell asleep. . . . And he, weeping, said, 'The Lord receive thee in joy, mother,' &c.—*Lives of the Saints*, S. BARING GOULD.]

HERE Time is strange, and keeps no even speed
 As once, but checked or sped by dreams, moves on :
 Whether it was or was not so, indeed,
 I hardly know ; but some four days ago
 I thought she came, came near the inclosed space
 Which men have walled about my pillar's base.

(O mother ! In her eyes was all the woe
 That has been gathering there these many years,
 Since that first day, a thousand lives ago,
 When she watched for me, racked with doubts and fears ;
 And I was lying at the convent gate
 Awaiting the unfolding of my fate.)

And there she stood. They would not let her in.
 She reached her hands out to me, and she cried,
 And beat her breast and moaned. (Oh me ! my sin !
 This rebel soul not yet is sanctified.
 Pardon, O God, that this weak heart did ache
 With earthly sorrow for that woman's sake !)

And then I heard her voice : ' My son, my son,
Why wilt thou shame God's body in this wise ?
What is this sacrilege that thou hast done ?

How wilt thou meet the Blessed Mother's eyes,
And hear her ask thee what thou gavest me
For that fair body which I bore for thee ? '

Then cried I—God forgive, if I did ill—

' Bear up, my mother, yet a little while,
And we shall see each other, if God will.

Pray, pray still, ever pray ! ' And then (O vile !
To grieve for earthly things) I, also, wept,
As through my heart chill winds of memory crept.

And then I thought—and yet it may have been

Only a craft of Satan, tempting me—
I thought she wrung her hands, and let be seen

The mother's breast that once had nourished me,
And wept again, and spake ; and every word
Pierced to the fleshly heart of me who heard.

' Oh, son, I pray no more ! For once I prayed

A boon of God for sweetening of my days,
A little baby that should soft be laid

Upon my bosom—to His endless praise.
At last God heard my cry—thee did I bear,
The inexorable answer to my prayer !

' O little baby hands I used to kiss,

Cold, hard, and wasted—reached not out to me.
Mother of Christ, judge thou how hard it is

To bear such wounds as in his feet I see—
O little pink dear feet I used to hold,
Kissed now but by fierce sun and night winds cold !

' Ah ! when I hushed thee on my happy breast

And sang thee whispered lullabys, and strove
To see the future—work and help and rest

And good deeds done of thee, child of my love—
Why did no angel blast such sweet vain schemes,
And shed truth's withering light upon my dreams ?

'Thou wert God's answer to my prayer. And thou,
 Who bade thee thus to mar God's gift and mine,
 Thy body? Not the Lord of heaven, I trow,
 Who wore on earth a body like to thine.
 He had a mother too; yet day by day
 Thou dardest to raise thy hands to Him and pray!'

Then I spoke—I, not yet as saintly-still
 As penance should have made me, beat my breast :
 'Patience, O lady mother! If God will,
 We two shall meet in an eternal rest!'
 'But, oh,' she cried, 'the human life divine
 Was that in which God gave thee to be mine!

'Not for another life than this I bore
 Travail and agony of thy birth morn,
 The joy unspeakable that pain no more
 Could touch or mar when my man-child was born.
 For this life wert thou born—and, O my son,
 With life, God's gift, what good thing hast thou done?

'Thou hast brought souls to God? Poor souls that find
 No refuge save the God thou dreamest of!
 A God who loves to see sad eyes wept blind,
 Flesh wounded, and dead hearts cast out of love!
 Better the heathen's life of soulless bliss
 Than faith in such a Devil-God as this!

'What was it pricked thee on to this thy sin?
 What but desire that men should kneel and say,
 "See—the great saint—the holy man, wherein
 All fleshly lusts that sting our flesh to-day
 Are dead"—Ay! all but pride, that finds no ways
 Too sharp to tread, to meet a sick world's praise.

'And now I know thou art too proud to heed
 My voice—too high for me to reach thee there,
 Too small a thing it is, my heart's great need,
 That thou, my body's fruit, shouldst know or care;
 Thou, that wouldst save thy soul and heaven win
 By slighting earth, that God has set thee in!

'Earth was thy home, on earth thy duties lay;
 And heaven lives on earth, in duties done.
 O son, Christ weeps to see thee turned away
 From that straight simple way He set thee on.
 Thy soul? Thy soul! The devil would not crave
 That stunted crippled soul thou seekest to save!'

She ceased. Her body, like a drooping flower,
 Bowed towards earth, and she was borne away;
 But I—have mercy, God—for one mad hour
 I might not, would not, could not, dared not pray;
 For all her words shrieked in my ears again,
 And all my penances and prayers looked vain.

The royal sun in robes of gold had passed
 Below the rocks and palm trees in the west,
 The long hard shadow that my pillar cast
 Grew dim and vague. The sense of coming rest
 Fell on all happy living things, and I
 Got strength to pray again, and night went by.

With the new sun she came once more. Her cry,
 Strong with a night of prayer, I would not hear.
 I turned my eyes up to the blazing sky,
 Wrestling in prayer and sealing up mine ear.
 Yet there she stood all day and gazed on me;
 For my heart knew it, though I would not see.

Another night of prayer, another day
 Of words I would not hear though my heart heard.
 And then that evening, when I heard men say
 'She is dead!'—O God, forgive my first mad word—
 'God, be my soul damned in hell's fiercest pain,
 But give my mother back to me again!'

But all the people crowded round. I knew
 They waited for the holy man to speak.
 What could I say to them—what could I do
 To hide from them how wildly flesh was weak?
 I spoke—and what I said I know no more—
 'Twas not the thoughts with which my heart was sore

I think I said what other men would say
I should have said—gave thanks to God that she
From this vile world had so been caught away
Into the glory where I hope to be.
And this I said the anguish to conceal
I felt—but felt that it was sin to feel.

But when the night had come, the people gone,
When 'twixt the silent earth and silent sky
I on my pillar was alone—alone
As I must be till life's last night pass by—
The world looked black, the sky was cloudy gray,
And even my pillar seemed to fade away.

And only I—'twixt heaven and earth—was there ;
For heaven I could not find, and earth was lost.
I seemed to drift through chill and misty air,
In vague cloud-depths by storm-winds driven and tossed.
Still floating on—long ages did it seem—
I, more a shadow than man's lightest dream.

And still alone. At last—the darkness riven—
A light—a presence ! and my whole soul cried :
' I am lost, I am lost ! O God, where is Thy heaven
For which I gave up love and all beside ?
How shall I find the garden of the blest
Where Christ and all His angels feast and rest ?'

And then I heard a voice that filled the skies,
Most terrible, most sweet, and answered me :
' Heaven was on earth, the earth thou didst despise,
And now for ever it is lost to thee ;
And on the earth Christ is, and on the earth
The love thou hast accounted nothing worth.

' None for himself a heaven can win or make,
Since whoso seeks his life his life shall lose.
He who will labour for a sad world's sake,
And free pure life revile not nor refuse,
He is Christ's man ; he hath the better part ;
The angels dwell for ever in his heart.

'Where is a heaven but on the earth—for man?
What life on earth for man is there but one?
Heaven, and the way to heaven lie in that span,
Eternal are the done and the undone.
Thine were the penance, prayer, and sun, and frost,
Thine the earth wasted, and the heaven lost!'

The vision faded, and I woke to earth;
The night had fled away, the sky was fair
With lovely lights to greet the new day's birth;
They shone upon my pillar high in air,
And on my body, maimed and seared, and thin
With the hard penance I have trusted in.

It is too late—too late! If this be true,
And all my life be wrong, at least I know
I did but what I thought God bade me do,
And went the way I thought He bade me go!
'Tis Satan tempts me with these dreams and fears.
'Twas he who tempted through my mother's tears.

Oh, mother, if it had been otherwise!
It could not be—life then had been too sweet!
How can smooth pathways lead to Paradise,
Or heaven be on earth, time being so fleet?
Back, Satan—I have fought and won the fight.
Life was so hard, it could not but be right!

E. NESBIT.

The Old Naval Song.

THERE are two kinds of sea-songs : those which are sung at concerts and in drawing-rooms, and sometimes, but not very often, at sea, and those which are never heard off shipboard. The latter have obtained in this age the name of 'chanty,' a term which I do not recollect ever having heard when I was following the life. It is obviously manufactured out of the French verb, and there is a 'longshore twang about it which cannot but sound disagreeably to the elderly nautical ear. This sort of song is designed to lighten and assist the sailor's toil. It is an air that enables a number of men pulling upon a rope to regulate their combined exertions. It is also a song for sailors to sing as they tramp round a capstan and heave upon a windlass. Of the melodies of many of them it is difficult to trace the paternity. Some are so engaging that they might well be regarded as the compositions of musicians of genius, who wrote them with little suspicion of the final uses to which they would be put. Why their destination, having been sung perhaps at the harpsichord and the guitar by ladies and gentlemen, should be the forecabin ; why, being appropriated by the sailor they should be so peculiarly his, that no one else ever dreams of singing them, there is no use in attempting to guess. The reader will not require me to tell him that the marine working songs are to be heard only in the Merchant Service. In a ship of war the uproar caused by the hoarse bawling of half-a-dozen gangs of men scattered about the decks would be intolerable, nor could the working song be of service to the blue-jackets, who are quite numerous enough to manage without it. It was always so, indeed ; a frigate getting under way would flash into canvas in a breath ; sails were sheeted home, yards hoisted, jibs and staysails run up, and the anchor tripped, as though the complicated mechanism were influenced by a single controlling power producing simultaneously a hundred different effects. There were men enough to do everything, and all at once ; but the ship's company of the merchantman were

always too few for her. A mercantile sailor is expected to do the work of two, and, at a pinch, of three and even four. When one job is done he has to spring to another. There are 'stations' indeed in such manœuvres as tacking or wearing; but when, for instance, it comes to shortening sail in a hurry, or when the necessity arises for a sudden call for all hands, the merchant sailor lays hold of the first rope it is necessary to drag on, and when he has 'belayed' it, he is expected to fling himself upon the next rope that has to be pulled. Here we have the secret of the usefulness of the working song. Let the words be what they will, the melody animates the seaman with spirit and he pulls with a will; it helps him to keep time too, so that not so much as an ounce of the united weight of the hauling and bawling fellows misses of its use on the tackle they drag at. I have known seamen at work on some job that required a deal of heavy and sustained pulling, to labour as if all heart had gone out of them whilst one of the gang tried song after song; the mate meanwhile standing by and encouraging them with the familiar official rhetoric; till on a sudden an air has been struck up that acted as if by magic. The men not only found their own strength, every fellow became as good as two. This, I believe, will be the experience of most merchant sailors.

There are tunes to fit every kind of work on board ship; short cheerful melodies for jobs soon accomplished, over which a captain would not allow time to be wasted in singing (for I am bound to say that the disposition of a sailor is to make a very great deal of singing go to the smallest possible amount of pulling), such as hauling out a bowline, mastheading one of the lighter yards, or boarding a tack. Other working choruses, again, are as long as a ship's cable. These are sung at the capstan or at the windlass, when the intervals between the starting of the solo and the coming in of the chorus do not hinder the work an instant. It would be interesting to know when and by whom the working song was first introduced into the British Merchant Service. In old books of voyages no reference whatever is made to it. There is not a sentence in the collections from Hakluyt down to Burney to indicate that when the early sailors pushed at handspikes or dragged upon the rigging they animated their labours with songs and choruses. I have some acquaintance with the volumes of Shelvocke, Funnell, and other marine writers of the last century, but though many of them, such as Ringrose, Dampier, Cooke, Spelgrave, and particularly Woodes Rogers, enter very closely

into the details of the shipboard work of their time, they are to a man silent on this question of singing. It is for this reason that I would attribute the origin of the practice to the Americans. If most of the fore-castle melodies still current at sea be not the composition of Yankees, the words, at all events, are sufficiently tinctured by American sentiment to render my conjecture plausible. The titles of many of these working songs have a strong flavour of Boston and New York about them. 'Across the Western Ocean'; 'The Plains of Mexico'; 'Run, let the Bulljine, run!'; 'Bound to the Rio Grande'; these and many more which I cannot immediately recollect betray to my mind a transatlantic inspiration. 'Heave to the Girls'; 'Cheerly, Men'; 'A dandy ship and a dandy crew'; 'Tally hi ho! You know'; 'Hurrah! hurrah! my hearty bullies'; and scores more of a like kind, all of them working songs never to be heard off the decks of a ship, are racy in air and words of the soil of the States.

The other kind of songs—the songs of Charles and Thomas Dibdin, Shield, Arnold, Arne, Boyce, &c., are of a very different order. The working song is often at best but little more than unintelligible doggerel. It is the sailor's trick to improvise as he goes along, and rhyme and reason are entirely subordinate to the obligation of shouting out something. But the sea-song, as landsmen understand the term, is accepted as a composition of meaning and even of poetry. At long intervals it is so. There is no lyric in the English language comparable to 'Ye Mariners of England,' and the 'Battle of the Baltic.' 'Cease, rude Boreas,' again, commonly attributed to George Alexander Stevens, though I believe it was written by William Falconer, the author of 'The Shipwreck,' is a fine stirring poem full of sailors' weather and salt spray, and the thunder of the gale. But the average British sea-song, whether old or new, ranks low as a sample of poetry. Dibdin is happiest when he is least technical. There is a pathos in 'Tom Bowling' that needs not the accentuation of its exquisite air to appeal to us. But when he is particularly nautical every sailor will, I think, admit that he is very much at sea indeed. One reason why the landsman's nautical song finds but little favour among mariners is, I think, because he is seldom successful in catching the true maritime spirit and flavour. It is idle to write about wet sheets and flowing seas unless you know what they mean. A man must serve a long apprenticeship to the ocean to master the shades and significations of the nomenclature of the marine; and he must serve for a longer period yet to gather the

import of the subtle professional intellectual conditions which go to the creation of the sea mind. The employment of marine technicalities by a poet to whom they are unintelligible may result in what looks like a sea-song, but no true sailor will ever care to sing it; nor will the bard find himself better recommended to the seaman by references to what, even in this age, is accepted as the traditional character of the tar. Another reason why Jack does not take kindly to the landsman's sea-songs is perhaps he gets so much of the ocean in fact, that he wants no more of it in fiction. A true thing he will relish, and sing, and talk of, no matter how deep in the heart of the country it was produced, nor how pastoral the genius of its author; but he turns wearily from descriptions of gallant ships and rustling sails, of dripping prows and boatswains' calls, of carousals on shore, of sweethearts and wives, of Billy Crosstree and Tommy Marlingspike. My own experience is that sailors when they get a chance to sing at sea choose the current sentimental ditties of the theatre and the music-hall. I dare say that 'Two Lovely Black Eyes' is sung now on the ocean by men who never heard of 'Tom Tough' or 'All in the Downs.' Dana's old seaman of 1834 was true of my time—twenty years ago; and doubtless he would stand as a type of scores of mariners yet living. 'I shall never forget,' he says, hearing an old salt who had broken his voice by hard drinking on shore, and bellowing from the masthead in a hundred north-westerns, singing—with all manner of ungovernable trills and quavers, in the high notes breaking into a rough falsetto, and in the low ones growling along like the dying away of the boatswain's "All hands ahoy" down the hatchway—"Oh no we never mention him";

Perhaps like me he struggles with
 Each feeling of regret:
 But if he's loved as I have loved
 He never can forget!

The last line he roared out at the top of his voice, breaking each word into half a dozen syllables. This was very popular, and Jack was called on every night to give them his sentimental song. No one called for it more loudly than I, for the complete absurdity of the execution and the sailors' perfect satisfaction in it were ludicrous beyond measure.'

When I went to sea as a little midshipman, having some small ear for music, though I did not then, and still do not, know my

notes, I took with me a sort of accordion that had keys like a pianoforte, and this I would carry on to the fore-castle on a fine quiet evening and play to the men and accompany them in their singing, and I took notice that the songs they liked best, indeed they cared for no others, were of the strictly sentimental kind, such as 'Ever of thee,' 'Here's a fair good-night to thee, love,' 'I'd be a butterfly,' and so on. We may take it, I think, that the decline of the popularity at sea of the Dibdin school of song is due to the long peace which this country has enjoyed, or at all events to the long intervals which have elapsed between naval engagements since Waterloo. Prior to that decisive action the country was almost incessantly at war. Our home waters were covered with British cruisers, and reports of single and general actions were arriving weekly, I had almost said daily, from half the oceans of the globe. The pig-tailed mariner was a great hero then. The Incledon and Braham were warbling his praises in very pretty music. Much was made of his saucy frigate, of the towering liner and the little ten-gun 'pelter,' of Hawke and Howe and Keppel; and much too of Mounseer's cowardice. But when those war-times came to an end there was little left in the shape of maritime marvels for the contemporary bard to express in verse. Algiers, Navarino, and so down to the Crimea, were too brief for inspiration. The traditional feats grew obscure in the haze of time, and Jack got tired of the old rollicking celebrations. Steam and iron confirmed the indifference induced by spells of inactivity. Further, the old portraits ceased to resemble the modern sailor. The pigtail had been hove overboard; wooden legs were no longer plentiful; coffee and cocoa were replacing the can of grog. Outside the old machinery of moonlight and shivering topsails, there was nothing definite to write about. Indeed, long before the Crimean war, Jack had revolted against all attempts to represent him as a lion-hearted man, with a face discoloured by grog-pimples, a hat jauntily fixed upon 'nine hairs,' and feet squeezed into little dancing pumps; and since he could not procure anything written about himself that was worth singing, he addressed his mind to ditties in which no reference whatever was made to his calling.

But throughout the last century and during the first fifteen or twenty years of this, the sea-song was popular, in proportion as the words were good and the music brisk, with our fighting crews, and the old wooden fabrics resounded the thunder of lungs of hurricane power roaring out choruses glorifying Britannia's might

and the heroism of her hardy salts. The creation of this type of ocean ballad is intimately associated with the honoured name of Charles Dibdin; but there were other writers before him, the originators of a school of which he is the most illustrious example, whose compositions there is every reason to believe proved as heartening and as animating in their day as ever did the best of poor Tom Bowling's in his. It is a literature hard to get at. Only the very choicest specimens have been suffered to survive in the existing collections. Nearly all the sea-songs included in the lists I have examined are by Dibdin or his contemporaries. Some excellent examples, such as: 'All's Well,' 'The Snug Little Island,' 'When Vulcan forged the bolts of Jove,' were the productions of Dibdin's son. I doubt not there are many nautical ballads of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries to be met with by any one with sufficient leisure and diligence to engage in such a search. A collection of the kind would usefully supplement our naval histories, and prove a work of enduring interest to the country at large, and more particularly to the British marine. There is, indeed, something peculiarly engaging in the nautical lyric in which a contemporaneous hand has celebrated the mighty deeds of the bold admiral or captain of a hundred or two hundred years ago. It is a sort of rough verse to transform the past into a kind of arras; the imagination quickens the figures and the whole tapestry glows into life upon the vision of the mind. The old ship rises before us straining at her hempen cables or rolling and plunging to the gale under canvas the fashion of whose cut is as dead and gone as the names by which they were known. You see her castellated stern, her black or yellow sides bristling with guns under the deep waist, and the many quaintnesses of her apparel of sails and streamers. The admiral, with a face like the north-west moon, clad in the attire of the sea-brave of the Stuarts or of the first George, stumps the poop-royal with a perspective-glass under his arm watching the chase ahead, a squadron of flying Frenchmen, or Dutchmen, or Spaniards, occasionally sending a glance over the quarter where his consorts of the Union Jack are frothing and rolling along in a huddle of dingy canvas. I never read the song called 'Admiral Benbow,' without the vision rising before me of the whole of that sea-dog's stern and melancholy business with Du Casse. There is not a line of description in it, of the kind I mean to help the imagination; nevertheless the verse has a magic of its own, every sentence conjures up a radiant canvas:

THE OLD NAVAL SONG.

Come all you sailors bold,
 Lend an ear, lend an ear,
 Come all you sailors bold,
 Lend an ear;
 It's of our admiral's fame,
 Brave Benbow call'd by name,
 How he fought upon the main,
 You shall hear, you shall hear.

Brave Benbow he set sail
 For to fight, for to fight;
 Brave Benbow he set sail
 For to fight.
 Brave Benbow he set sail
 With a fine and pleasant gale,
 But his captains they turned tail
 In a fright, in a fright!

There is a true ocean swing in this rhythm. Over many a steaming bowl, by the light of many an oscillating slush lamp, and to the wagging of more pigtailed than I should like to count, have these stirring verses been roared out. Poor Benbow loses his legs. 'Tis my lot, 'tis my lot!' he says, and the poet proceeds:

While the surgeon dress'd his wound
 How he cried, how he cried,
 While the surgeon dress'd his wound
 How he cried.

'Let my cradle now in haste
 On the quarter-deck be plac'd,
 That my enemies I may face
 Till I'm dead, till I'm dead.'

And there brave Benbow lay,
 Crying out, crying out,
 And there brave Benbow lay,
 Crying out, boys,

'Let us tack about once more,
 We'll drive them to their shore,
 We value not half a score,
 Nor their noise, nor their noise!'

Benbow was one of those seamen about whom the English sailor of his and of succeeding days could never weary of singing. 'Sir,' wrote Du Casse to him, 'I had little hopes, on Monday last, but to have supp'd in your cabin; but it pleased God to order it otherwise. I am thankful for it. As for those cowardly captains

who deserted you, hang them up, for, by —, they deserve it!’
The old Jacks used to sing another hearty song about him :

Oh, we sail’d to Virginia,
And from thence to Fial ;
Oh, we water’d our shipping,
And so we weigh’d all :
Being in view of the sea, boys,
Seven sail we did espy ;
Oh, we hoisted our topsails,
And sailed speedily.

The recurrent Oh ! in the seven verses which form the song is what Tom Cringle would call exceedingly fine. It expresses the prefatory howl with which Jack delights to regale his hearers before plunging into the substance of the music and the verse :

Oh, we drew up our squadron
In a very nice line,
And we fought them courageously
For near four hours’ time ;
But the day being spent,
And the night coming on,
Oh, we let them alone
Until the next morn.

The poet’s enthusiasm, however, hurries him into a little blunder :

Oh, the very next morning
By the break of the day,
Oh, we hoisted our topsails,
And so we bore away ;
We bore down to Port Royal,
Where the people flocked much,
To see brave Admiral Benbow
Carried to Kingstown Town Church.

From this it might be inferred that the admiral died at sea and was buried at Port Royal ; the truth being that he lived nearly a month after the arrival of his ship at Jamaica. Sometimes, but not very often, the old sea-song writer was sarcastic. The school of Dibdin was full of enthusiasm. Everything English is above praise, everything French beneath contempt. Marryat, whose sea-lyrics, all admirable of their kind, though they have the uncommon fault of being too few, hinted to the country in swinging verse that it was not impossible for a British naval captain to be neither a hero nor a gentleman. But then to be sure Marryat

wrote in comparatively peaceful times, when the perpetuation of the drunken, swaggering, roaring patriotism of the Dibdinite mariner could serve no immediate end. There were poets, however, long previous to Marryat, much earlier indeed than Dibdin, who could forget their warlike enthusiasm sufficiently to tell a saucy truth in a frisky stanza or two. In a word, they could find stomach enough for the assumption of a satirical countenance. Here is a stroke in this way, and few songs of the kind were ever more heartily sung:

BOLD BENJAMIN.

Captain Edwards is gone to sea,
 High sir, ho sir,
 With a jovial ship's company,
 On board the Bold Benjamin, O.
 He carried out five hundred men,
 High sir, ho sir,
 And brought home but thirty-one,
 On board the Bold Benjamin, O.
 When they came to Blackwall,
 High sir, ho sir,
 Men, women, and children all
 Aloud did they call,
 Here comes the Bold Benjamin, O.
 There was mothers weeping for their sons,
 High sir, ho sir,
 Widows for loss of husbands,
 On board the Bold Benjamin, O.

A song about Admiral Byng is less covert. The poet could plead justification, and wrote as if he knew that he had the world with him. It would seem that this amiable composition was published whilst Byng was awaiting his trial. I have only space to quote the last verse:

For behaving so well on the ocean,
 At least he deserves a *string*,
 And if he should sue for promotion,
 I hope they will give him his swing.
Swing, swing, O rare Admiral Byng.

This song seems to have been a bid for the popularity of the tavern rather than for that of the forecabin. There is no flavour of the sea in it. Moreover, it is not probable that the sailor would take very kindly to a ditty that represented his flag as disgraced,

It is the custom to speak of Dibdin as the originator of the heave-ho, rum-coloured, grog-soaked, lively hearty, who, on stepping ashore from his frigate which has just arrived with a rich prize in tow, instantly flits to Nancy and the bowl. To those who have not carried their inquiries in this direction further than Dibdin there is, indeed, quite enough of drink and of grinning through horse-collars in his compositions to justify the notion that the jovial reeling salt found his earliest metrical and melodious interpretation in the works of his composer. The drink to be discovered in Dibdin's songs would make a sea large enough for several combined fleets of that age to have floated on. The sailor had nothing to do but to sing in all weathers, beat the French, and drink the 'swizzy.' Inspired by the wishes of Mr. Pitt, it was Dibdin's business to paint the sea-life in captivating colours. His 'properties' were not numerous: lovely Sue, the jorum of grog, pockets full of prize-money, the fiddle, the song, and the dance—the machinery of allurements scarcely went farther. These temptations, it is quite possible, conveyed in plain verse and vehicled by many pleasing tunes, were useful auxiliaries to the labours of the press-gang; but they also helped to confirm many odd notions of the sailor's character which had long been floating loose on the surface of public opinion. In reality, Dibdin merely helped onwards some old queer prejudices and superstitions. The Pipeses, and Hatchways, and Trunnions not only drank as heavily as the Wapping heroes of Dibdin's muse; they were out and away their superiors as artists in bad language. In truth, if we are to believe the old novelists and playwrights, from Beaumont and Fletcher down to John O'Keeffe, the men who fought and bled for this country at sea and who hoisted her as a nation to the world's masthead, were the most hardened race of ruffians, bullies, swearers, and drunkards that ever hiccupped out blasphemies under the stars. This is the character of the noble fellows who fought under Hawkins, Shovel, Hawke, Rodney, Nelson, Collingwood, as we find it in the old sea-song. Were even the traditions half true, there would have been but little done by our sailors for Dibdin and the other song writers to sing about! Here is a stanza embodying the wishes of a tarpaulin of the reign of George II.:

Let there be sailors to carry me,
Let them be dreadfully drunk,
And as they're a-going to bury me,
Let them fall down with my trunk:

THE OLD NAVAL SONG.

Let there be no fighting nor sobbing,
 But one single favour I crave—
 Take me up in my tarpaulin jacket,
 And fiddle and dance to my grave.

It is in such delectable doggerel as this that we must seek for the origin of the land-going idea of the sailor, a libellous idea whose influence is to be witnessed in the nautical play, ballad, and novel of the current hour. Nevertheless, many of the old sea-songs, particularly those in which there is no reference to grog and to pretty Sukey, are full of a true and stirring spirit. They seem as if jotted down in a moment of inspiration in the heat of the conflict, when the air was dark with the smoke of battle, and when the cannon's roar rolled in thunder through the gloom. Such is 'Bold Sawyer,' with its brisk opening invitation:

Come all ye jolly sailors, with courage stout and bold,
 Come enter with bold Sawyer, he'll cloathe you all in gold,
 Repair on board the Old Nassau,
 As fine a ship as e'er you saw;
 We'll make the French to stand in awe,
 She's manned with British boys.

There is a strong healthy pulse, too, in such songs as the 'London Man-of-War,' 'The Bold Salamander,' 'Blow, Boreas, blow,' and others whose titles it would be idle to quote where there is no space for the words. I doubt whether we shall ever again have sea-songs of the old pattern. It is not perhaps that the sentiment of the age is opposed to them, though the old Blackwall and Erith tomfoolery of drink, fiddling, and the like, would not perhaps be found very suitable to the tastes of the day; the difficulty lies in the dearth of nautical topics. For my part, I cannot understand what kind of opportunities the naval war of the future is to supply the nautical song writer with. There is nothing poetical in the armouredad, nothing inspiring. A ship swelling like a cloud upon the sea, with cabin windows flashing, an admiral in a cocked hat walking the quarter-gallery, the white hammock line of the vessel's towering defences dotted with the red coats of marines, the blue surge breaking in sheets of silver against the golden brightness of the metal sheathing, pretty little midshipmen in lace and dirks strutting the almond-white quarter-deck, groups of bronzed and brawny sailors at work with junks of tobacco standing high under their cheekbones—here were materials to colour the poetaster's meekest jingle, and to put a

free and windy and briny life of their own into the most halting sing-song that ever teased the ear. There were twenty different types of ships to write about; from that cloud-like pyramid, the four-decker, giving tongues of flame and voices of thunder to the meaning and the message of the nation, down to the little cutter that with bow and fore-chaser only heightened the brightness of the annals with many a little sparkling passage. There were a thousand colours, and all were magical. But marine romance is now as flat as though the machinery with which the iron plate is rolled out had passed over it. What can there be of seamanship for the poet to sing of when the genius of the chase lies in the revolutions of the engines and in an amidship helm? There is no weather gage now to manœuvre for. It matters not to a steamer how the wind sits. Jack, when he works his gun, will keep his shirt on, stand inside a metal tower, and let fly at an enemy two leagues distant. His ship is as ugly as the dugong. It is not in poetic art to idealise her. A roaring old sea-song of the type of the 'Saucy Arethusa,' or 'Stand to your guns, my hearts of oak,' would ring with but a melancholy note through the iron interior of the armoured-clad. Indeed, the extinction of the naval sailing-ship is of necessity the extinction of the naval song as we understand the expression. The poet must go to the merchant service now if he wants marine suggestions. Yet the sailor need not complain. There is a large old-fashioned literature in marine ballads to choose from whenever he feels disposed to tune up his pipes, and he will also hold that until the nautical song writer resolves to quit the mouldy and impure traditions of caricature, the less he says about Jack the better.

W. CLARK RUSSELL.

In the Woodlands.

Touchst. : Is thy name William ?

William : William, sir.

Touchst. : A fair name. Wast born i' the forest ?

William : Ay, sir ; I thank God.

—*As You Like It*, v. 1. 22.

AN excellent essay might be written on the use which the poets make of trees. From their early employment as similes to the subjective treatment appearing in the 'Talking Oak,' to the

Thorns, ivies, woodbine, mistletoes,
And grapes with branches red as blood,

which shut out the Sleeping Beauty from the outer world ; or to Browning's 'Magnolia-bell superb with scent,' which

Invites a certain insect—that's myself,

the interval comprehends the whole life of poetry. The critic can see in the differences between the employment of trees in the *Iliad* and in the *Odyssey* an argument against the unity of their authorship. Few trees are named in the former poem, and those such as would meet the eye of the most superficially minded dweller in the country, the oak, poplar, olive, and a few more ; nor are many bushes or flowers mentioned. The trees which do appear are mostly used as supplying comparisons, when felled for ship timber, to heroes slain in battle ; or when their foliage is stripped by storms and the wind is heard moaning in their leaves, bellicose images only suggest themselves to the poet. The *Odyssey* is much richer, not only in trees, but especially in shrubs and flowers. Of course this difference is mainly due to the subjects and treatment of the two poems being widely dissimilar. Allowing for this, however, it is impossible not to be struck with the more observant eyes of the *Odyssean* bard, and

the much greater wealth of association which in his time has gathered round the trees and flowers of Greece and Asia Minor. The influence of Egyptian mythology is now being felt, and oracles are delivered from the oaks of Zeus. Not dead warriors are now suggested by the felled oak, but a remembrance how the swine of Odysseus peacefully graze on their acorns. The papyrus is useful for constructing ships' cables, mulberry-like gems adorn a necklace; fragrant ambrosia, lotus and galingale are not forgotten; Helen's marvellous nepenthes and the moly 'that Hermes once to wise Ulysses gave.' Hyacinths, violets, and parsley fill in the foregrounds of many an inimitable picture of the woodlands. Agriculture and the love of landscape gardening, which always follows it, are conspicuously shown on the hills beyond, much as a modern painter might fill in his canvases, and speak of a later civilisation than that known to the fighters before Troy. Penelope has a 'garden of many trees,' Alcinous's orchard became a proverb to the ancients themselves: 'there were tall flourishing trees, pears and pomegranates and apples with brilliant fruitage, sweet figs and olives vigorous of growth whose fruit never failed.' There is a sensuous delight now—the dawn of a new feeling and a new literature—in luxuriant greenery, in Cyclops's cave, and Circe's grotto, and the asphodel meads of the blest and the grove of Persephone, which is fitly composed of black poplars and willows. Athene, too, possesses a grove of such poplars, where a fount bubbles forth and a meadow spreads around; nor does the poet omit to name the poplar's ever-restless leaves. Most beautiful of all Homer's pictures and most natural, full of knowledge of the human heart and exhibiting that fondness of the outward 'shows of earth and air' with which the Odyssey is so strongly pervaded, is the passage at the end of the poem where Laertes, the old gardener, recognises his son by the latter's reminding him of the garden in which he had spent his boyhood. 'Come,' says Odysseus, 'and I will tell thee throughout the walled garden what thou gavest me, and how I asked thee about each, when I was a little one, following your footsteps through the garden. Through these trees we went, and thou namedst each plant to me. Thirteen pear-trees didst thou give me and ten apple-trees, forty fig-trees,' and the like, until the old man, convinced that it was his son, his 'very son' Odysseus, fell fainting into his arms, as Jacob may have done when he met Joseph. There is a pathos in such scenes which far transcends the wildest flights of the imagination.

So many-sided, however, are trees, that as we wander through this zone of hawthorns, where the hectic flush of midsummer is just passing over their masses of snow-blossom, it is not their beauty so much as their antiquity and their right to flourish here as undisputed natives on which the mind first fixes. Doubtless hawthorns, like alders and Scotch firs, yews and beeches, were indigenous, and in Neolithic days clothed a large extent of the country. The small-leaved elm, however, and some of our fruit trees are due to the Romans; many of the best varieties of apples and pears came with the monks. The stream of Aryan wanderers from the East had long before brought with it a large supply of useful shrubs and herbs, flax and hemp, leeks and onions, the pomegranate and quince, the oleander and, above all, the rose. Our shrubberies and woodlands would indeed be poverty-stricken had not the plants and trees of the East from old days found a home here. The process is now seen reversing itself in the multitude of trees and flowers which have been brought to our woods and pleasure-grounds from the New World: the Wellingtonia and the pampas grass, the araucarias, the Douglas pine, and the like. Some of these, or very closely related analogues indeed, flourished here before the Coal-Measures were laid down; but, as with the Scotch fir, so they have required to be reintroduced into England since the Glacial Epoch. Who that knows Kingsley's charming 'My Winter Garden' can ever forget the manner in which these firs have spread themselves over the common near Easthampstead and Crow Thorne since the days of James I.?

More interesting to the naturalist and artist are those primitive spots which may easily be found throughout the country where the aboriginal vegetation yet lingers and primitive arboreal features remain. The Black Forest in Perthshire, many secluded districts in the Lake country, the wilder parts of Herefordshire and Salop, supply such scenery in profusion, where

The broken landscape, by degrees
Ascending, roughens into rigid hills,
O'er which the Cambrian mountains, like far clouds
That skirt the blue horizon, dusky rise.

Here lovers of prehistoric vegetation use their eyes and imagination to some purpose, and within the mystic circle of woods and mountains call up at will the savage with his stone weapons, the dark Kelt, the steady advance of Roman legions over the distant ridge, the fair-haired Saxon with fierce blue eyes and destructive

axe, the monastic thrall and his herds of swine, the Norman retainer, the gallant Middle Age train of lords and ladies, hawk on wrist, streaming through the water-meadows, until the mind returns to the peaceful farms and hamlets of to-day, and murmurs once more Thomson's words—

What a goodly prospect spreads around
Of hills and dales, and woods, and lawns, and spires,
And glittering towns, and gilded streams, till all
The stretching landscape into smoke decays!

And if the general view is so suggestive, by breaking up the larger features and rambling into some wooded valley, or lingering near a stream, dimpled with the rises of trout, equal pleasure may be obtained. 'The gude greenwood,' 'the bonny forest' of our forefathers, surrounds us. Not at present only have Englishmen learnt to love their trees. Chaucer's naturalistic vein chiefly endears his poetry to us, and their love of nature runs like a breath of the north wind through the cycle of Robin Hood ballads. The gallant outlaw stayed at court with the king, but his heart was ever filled with longings for Barnysdale. At length he seeks its beloved glades once more, and

Whan he came to grene wode,
In a May mornynge,
Then he herde the notes small
Of byrdes mery syngyne.

And no wonder that he stayed there till his death. Little John, too, was born in Holderness, not at present celebrated for its forests, but, says he,

Men call me Reynolde Grenelefe,
When I am at home.

Many a one talks about tree-beauty, and fancies himself competent to enlarge on and even to lecture on it, yet how few have carefully studied trees as they deserve studying! How few, for instance, have noticed that trees are completely transfigured when growing on the bank of a river and reflected in the stream! A willow is one of the most graceful of British trees; Mr. Ruskin somewhere calls it the English olive. The green of its leaves is several shades lower in tone than the greens of other trees; when a gentle breeze shakes its branches it perceptibly shivers, and turns out the white under-surface of the leaves with exquisite harmony to the shades of the watery landscape where it usually

grows. If an overhanging willow is mirrored in the stream these silvery under-surfaces are just those which are presented for our admiration. Again, a willow under a gloomy sky is quite a different tree to the willow when suffused with strong light, especially with the light of the setting sun. Gilpin long ago acutely noticed that the morning shadows are darker than those of the evening, so that two different aspects of the willow again are obtained at morn and evening. A tree has a totally distinct value, so to speak, when it stands by itself and when massed with others in a prospect. How often may lovers of the country be found ignorant of these facts, the commonplaces, as it were, of the landscape gardener! A couple of poplars by an old farm accentuate it. From all parts of the country the eye turns to them with pleasure, towering above other trees and breaking the formality of the neighbouring foliage. But were many poplars planted in a landscape of purely pastoral country the view would be intolerable, and that because they suggest dampness and fen scenery just where such scenery is least desired. Marsh scenery, however, has a distinct beauty of its own, chiefly owing to its characteristic trees. In Holland or Eastern France the long lines of Lombardy poplars, leaning away from the prevalent wind and lessening to the horizon, largely increase the sense of lonely vastness which such a landscape conveys, and in stormy weather intensify its melancholy. This impression is seldom conveyed in England, save perhaps around Crowland Abbey, for poplars are mingled with bushy, cheerful alders and pollarded willows in most marshy spots, and these trees rather suggest the ideas of usefulness to man and of adversity thriving under the constant stress of rough weather and the husbandman's pruning hook. Where a Continental marsh simply depresses the mind, an English one teaches a moral lesson.

The white poplar, with its ever-fluttering hoary leaves, among the Romans sacred to Hercules, in modern folk-lore together with the aspen not escaping the charge of furnishing the Redeemer's Cross, is a finer, more ample, and picturesque tree than even its Lombardy brother. Homer fails not to make Nausicaa point out the 'bright grove of white poplars sacred to Athene;' while the fifty handmaids in the palace of the Phæacian king, grinding the 'apple-yellow corn,' twirling their distaffs and weaving at the looms, remind him of nothing so much as the 'leaves of the tall poplar' in their bustling activity. The white poplar is a quick-growing tree; he who plants it in early life may well hope to sit

under its shade. When one or two fine specimens grow in a well-watered meadow, they lend a certain appearance of life and dignity to the landscape, but more than two should never be seen together.

Herefordshire and the bordering counties of Wales can show more beautiful specimens of the yew than perhaps any other district in our islands. Every churchyard and many of the half-timbered old farmhouses common in the former county offer fine yews. The tree springs indigenously by every neglected roadside in the district, and some have said that the Vale of Ewias is so named from its yews. Many of these Herefordshire yews are very old and gnarled; often with elders and other parasites preying on them, all suggestive of the old English long-bow, and even of the worship of the groves common in England before the introduction of Christianity. Wordsworth has taught us how to regard the four yews of Borrowdale, or 'the pride of Lorton Vale'—

This solitary tree—a living thing
Produced too slowly ever to decay;
Of form and aspect too magnificent
To be destroyed.

Even more interesting are the decrepit yews still standing at Fountains under which the early Cistercians rested before they finished the abbey sufficiently to give them shelter. How many enthusiastic hopes and fears about religion are enshrined in these venerable trees! With what touching associations do they not possess men's minds, though a flood-tide of changes, political and domestic, has flowed between the projects of the York Benedictines who founded the abbey and our own days! When standing before a yew of 25 or 30 feet in circumference we would give much to know its exact age. Trees, however, do not seem to grow uniformly, thanks to variety of soil and climate, so that nothing but counting a tree's concentric rings gives any true index of its age, and this is at times fallacious. In the Parish Register of Hentland, near Ross, is an entry of 1615, stating that a yew was during that year planted in the churchyard. Although more than two centuries and a quarter have elapsed, this yew does not show any signs of decay or old age. It is only 12 feet 11 inches in girth (1887) at its base—a mere baby compared with a specimen in a neighbouring parish, which is 30 feet in circumference at 4 feet 6 inches from the ground, and is in nowise decayed. Few trees afford such a wealth of pleasant shade, such abundant supplies of food, to all wild birds, as do yew trees. Golden-crested wrens and tits especially delight in them.

As for the ash, it has lost its proud pre-eminence (as being a offshoot of the great world-tree Yggdrasil) which it once held among our Scandinavian ancestors. The ash is in Icelandic *askr*. Northern legend tells that the first man was made of this tree, and so called Ask. It is curious that the ash abounds above every other tree in Lincolnshire, which was so largely colonised by the North men. The mystic soma or amrita of the Hindoos (answering to the Greek ambrosia), which drops from their sacred tree the peepul (*Ficus religiosa*), has its counterpart in the fount Mimir, under the roots of Yggdrasil, which flows with mead.

Blacker than ashbuds in the front of March,

says the Laureate; but we noticed them black and unopened in the first week of June last year, when the oak was clad in rich foliage long before the ash ventured to put forth any leaves. Until early frosts make havoc of its foliage, the ash is a noble tree in a landscape, the downward sweeps of its arms being especially graceful. Cowper in the *Sofa* has beautifully distinguished between our native trees, and speaks truly of the ash

Far stretching his umbrageous arm,

and shows the powers of observation which every true poet possesses in the lines which tell how

The grey, smooth trunk
Of ash, or lime, or beech distinctly shine
Within the twilight of their distant shades.

The ash has a large reputation in magic and folk-lore, nor has it been forgotten in song. It is the tree on which the 'Jolly Goshawk' in the ballad alighted by the lady's castle in order that it might sing her lover's message, and the bird is despatched by her to him with the satisfactory rejoinder—

She sends you the ring frae her white finger,
The garland frae her hair;
She sends you the heart within her breast,
And what would you have mair?

It was said that no ash trees in England bore any keys in the year of Charles I.'s execution.

Although ash-plants have no pleasant reminiscences for old Winchester College men, they form pleasing tufts of greenery in that most charming feature of wild English scenery, the hedgerows, chiefly helping them to deserve Wordsworth's verse—

Hardly hedgerows, little lines
Of sportive wood run wild.

These unkempt, rambling hedges are a delightful feature of a great estate, where beauty may be thought of before utility, and where that rustic fiend, High Farming, has not yet been able to raise his head.

The renown which in old days belonged to the oaks of the New Forest and of Sherwood has of late years faded. Disafforesting, enclosures, and the needs of the great war at the beginning of the century made sad havoc with the finer specimens. Late repentance has now covered much of the New Forest with thriving plantations. In Sherwood, for the most part only noble but decrepit oaks are left, such as the Major Oak, the Simon Forester Oak, and the Parliament Oak, which last is the mere eidolon or shell of a large tree. A survey made of two districts of the Forest only—Birklands and Bilhaugh—in 1609 showed that 49,909 oaks were then standing. But even then the work of destruction had commenced. The same tracts were again surveyed in 1790, and it appeared only 10,117 trees existed, so that in 104 years, 27,199 oaks had perished.¹ The handsomest oak in the New Forest district stands just outside its boundary, near Moyle's Court (Alice Lisle's home), and is only 18 feet 8½ inches in circumference. But what the oaks of Ytene lose in majesty of growth they make up for by beauty of outline, by sweeping interlaced boughs which seem at a distance to hang suspended in the air rather than to spring from the earth.² The finest English oaks now grow in Herefordshire and the neighbouring counties. When a few years ago the nave of Southwell Cathedral was re-roofed, it was in this district that the fine beams necessary to span the space of 60 feet 6 inches between the Norman walls were successfully sought. The Proceedings of the Woolhope Club contain views and measurements of many of the finest trees of this part of England; indeed, but a quarter of a mile from where we write in it is an oak which measures more than 35 feet at five feet from the ground. Oaks, unlike most forest trees, drive their roots far into the earth—as far into Tartarus, says Virgil, as their heads are set in heaven. Hence they do not injure arable land as do elms, and especially ashes, with their long aggressive, finger-like roots, spread out to grasp as much as possible of the fertile upper soil and sun-

¹ See 'Worksop and Sherwood Forest' (Simpkin, Marshall, & Co), 1875, p. 197.

² Wise's 'New Forest,' p. 16.

shine. They are more than other trees subject to lightning-strokes; indeed an old oak's beauty is much improved by a few bleached boughs on its summit, beloved by hawk and heron as a convenient station. Often, too, they lose limbs from the rage of some great storm, but they are never known to be blown down, as the roots are so deeply set. In some parts of the country an old decrepit oak is galvanised into additional life for a few more centuries by burying a dead horse under its roots, much as cunning leeches in the Middle Ages endeavoured to rejuvenate old men by transfusing boys' blood into their veins. After the Oak of Dodona and the story of the black dove which flew to it from Egypt, and which Herodotus rationalises, as is his wont, few oaks have been more fraught with fate than the great oak of Geismar, sacred to the old Hessian god of thunder. Boniface determined through it to attack the superstitions of the people, and scarcely had his axe struck the first blow when a gust of wind shook the branches and the aged tree fell and broke into four pieces. With its fall also fell the heathenism of Hessa. It is doubtful whether our peduncled and sessile-fruited oaks ought to be regarded as species or merely varieties. The hues of an oak's foliage are no small feature in a landscape's beauty (and only those who have studied the tree at different periods of the year know how varied are these); but reckoning the picturesque beauty of trees, with Gilpin, as consisting in their perfection of form, of lightness and of proper balance, a stately oak stands proudly unapproachable herein. Gilpin is inclined to depreciate it, as its 'sprays are generally at right angles, and not from underneath which gives the lightness to the ash;' but Mr. Ruskin has carefully pointed out the extreme beauty of an oak's ramification, and it only needs a little observation to enable any one to see what forms the strength and yet the lightness of an oak's interlacing arms. How exquisitely again do acorns, like points of light, relieve the autumnal gloom of oak foliage!

If the willow is the most graceful, the thorn, when it has passed maturity, is undoubtedly the most picturesque of our indigenous trees. Let it be broken by storm or accident, lichen-hung, bent, gnarled and decrepit, when borne down by its summer snow, brightened with its rich berries, or scorched with autumn's fiery breath, it is alike an ornament to the woodlands, a tree on which the eye ever loves to dwell. Country people deem it specially the fairies' tree, but now that the little folk have fled it has lost its honour, and is too often cut down and handed over to the millwright, who sets much store on thorn-wood. In the West of Eng-

land, a grove of hoary lichen-covered thorns, leaning every way, and green even in winter with masses of mistletoe, is an impressive sight, and recalls their departed glories. It is deemed an unlucky thing in some parts of Shropshire to bring bits of hawthorn into a house, but (says Miss Burne), only ten miles away from this district, in Staffordshire, 'If you gather a piece of hawthorn on Holy Thursday and keep it in your house, the house will never be struck by lightning, because

Under a thorn
Our Saviour was born.' ¹

It is curious in connection with this superstition to remember the Holy Thorn of Glastonbury, which sprang from the staff which Joseph of Arimathæa there stuck into the ground. But it were needless to dilate on the folk-lore of trees; there is room for a large book on the subject.

Only professed lovers of trees know the changeful moods of their favourites. How charming, for instance, are the white buds of a tall elm when seen against a blue March sky! Ordinary passers-by never see this stage of leaf-growth. Similarly the ruddy tints of the alder during spring, or the matchless early greens of the sycamore venturing forth before other trees have well matured their buds, are only visible to the tree-lover. When a thorn-wood is in full flower on the uplands, or a grove of horse-chestnuts waves its curved masses of white blossom, some critics object to the intrusion of so much whiteness in the prospect. Their appreciation of the scenery at such a time is, probably unknown to themselves, insensibly affected by the suggestion to the mind of snow thus late in spring, and so they dislike the white flowers. Nature, however, shows no repugnance to white among early wild-flowers. The absence of decided colour among our spring flowers is due to the absence of much sun and the distance of the luminary from the earth at that season. With summer and autumn the full glow and richness of the wild flowers are drawn out by the heat of the sun.

Trees, like birds and wild flowers, belong especially, so far as beauty is concerned, to the poor and the middle classes, who cannot purchase parks and fine trees for themselves. Consequently more trees should be planted, not for commercial reasons, but to provide more waving 'eye music' for those who delight in tree-beauty. The spread of education demands that many waste

¹ *Shropshire Folk Lore*, p. 244 (1885).

spaces, roadside strips, railway embankments, and the like, should have trees placed on them. Towns are for the most part careful now to provide plane trees along the broadest streets for the delectation of the inhabitants, but little or nothing of this beautifying of the country is as yet carried out. In some parts of North America every citizen is compelled to plant a certain number of trees—say six or a dozen—at his marriage or coming of age, and thus a supply of beautiful objects is provided at small cost. Similarly needless cutting down of trees near places of general resort is much to be deprecated. The parish composed of small landholders who have no regard for æsthetic considerations is easy to be discerned owing to the absence of trees in it, just as a birdless common shows its propinquity to London or some great town where bird-fanciers and catchers abound. ‘Cut down those old leaning willow trees on my glebe!’ exclaimed a Lincolnshire clergyman, ‘I should as soon think of killing off all the old men and women in the village.’ Not merely the perception of beauty, but also discrimination, judgment, comparison, and other mental processes are largely improved among children by the presence of trees near them, and by their being encouraged to notice and determine every tree near their homes. It may be hoped that ere long a national School of Forestry will be established, not merely for economical reasons, but to create a deeper affection for trees, and grant all Englishmen further opportunities of admiring and becoming acquainted with the choicest trees which will flourish in these latitudes. Many a slope is now abandoned to bushes and thistles which, if planted with larches and spruce, would in a very few years return a fair rental. Besides its value as a place of recreation, Epping Forest is an inestimable advantage for the higher education of East London. Art, imagination, and fancy will be effectually starved and driven out of the country when an enlightened democracy shall have parcelled out in small allotments the fair parks and historic forests which at present form centres of beauty and provide material for higher thought throughout the land. Who would wish to see the hollies of Dean Forest, probably the finest in England, and its pleasant beeches levelled to the ground in order that some hundred more acres of corn should be added to the land already under the plough?

The influences of trees upon the mind are indeed too many to be nicely numbered. Just as their soothing masses of greenery insensibly gratify the eye, so the countless modes in which their multiform beauty affects the mind go far to produce that temper

of cheerful contentment and thankfulness which invariably characterises those who devote themselves to country life after the fashion of Walton and Gilbert White. The perception of tree-beauty is in itself an education, and the poets give us a thousand hints to advance it. Even a bare common dominated by a few ragged poplars can be transfigured if seen in the right lights at the proper occasion, as a living writer has just taught us—

Yet shall your ragged moor receive
The incomparable pomp of eve,
And the cold glories of the dawn
Behind your shivering trees be drawn.

Men may well submit to be 'comates and brothers in exile' with Jacques and the Duke in their own Forest of Arden. Assuredly they find the life 'more sweet than painted pomp,' as they trace day by day the waxing and waning of the changeful woodlands. It needs no Thoreau to point out to a true lover of the woods the time of year from the hues of their foliage. If trees themselves are thus significant, how much is their beauty heightened by the crimson-berried copses and undergrowth surrounding them! The eye ascends to the curving clouds of green leaves from the scattered patches of bracken invading the edge of the meadow, much as the wanderer in the sloping woodlands actually reaches the trees. Above this fringe of brake grow hazels, dog-roses, clumps of young ashes, and elders, half choked by the rich luxuriance of wild flowers, all, like tropical plants, pushing their way to the sunshine, all matted together with briars and woodbine, our English substitutes for the tropical *Uianas*. Then sheep-paths wind among the hollies and hawthorns, dotted by a few old yews which the rabbits have almost undermined. At length succeed the rough stems and wiry strength of the oaks and elms. And here, rambling it may be for miles among the most characteristic scenery of England, the reader may be left to capture its subtle influences for himself.

M. G. WATKINS.

Uncle Pierce.

BY CHARLES BLATHERWICK.

CHAPTER XIII.

AN ECHO FROM DRUFFLE.

UP at daybreak, managed to pull on an old shoe, and after writing a line to Montague Place was in the Harleighs' garden half an hour before breakfast. Early as I was, the old gentleman was before me, looking disconsolately at Lettie's trim borders.

'I've beat you hollow,' he sang out. 'Been to the top of the hill and back. What d'ye think of that for an old buffer? Nothing like a sniff of the morning air if you are in the dumps. Talk about your tonics! Get up there, my boy, before the world's awake, and the early breath of the morning will sweeten your blood, clear the cobwebs off your mind, put you in a good temper, and make you thank the good God for all His blessings. So Mrs. Maxton is going to London? All right. You'll stay with me. A piece of confounded nonsense, though! Feminine fidgets! What does the girl say? "Be sure, dearest dad, don't be uneasy." Plain enough, isn't it? We shall get a note by post directly, and there'll be an end of it.'

The post came, but no letter. The pony chaise came round after breakfast. Mrs. Maxton put on her bonnet, and with a cheerful good-bye to her brother we drove off to the station. In the few minutes we had to spare we managed to find out that Lettie had not started from there.

'That's nothing,' said Mrs. Maxton, as I put her in the carriage. 'If she didn't want us to know where she went she would think nothing of walking to Southampton—nothing! She has done it before. She did not want us to know either, or she wouldn't have gone to the post office with her letter. Good-bye! You'll see us both this evening.'

On my way back I met Penney cantering along on one of his young horses. He pulled up.

'Looks like flitting time for Mill House, Mr. Dent,' he said. 'The foreigner has been to order a trap for this evening. Queer time too—half-past nine or ten, he says. Latish for that sort of business. Expect it means going, though, for old Paul got three men from Portsmouth yesterday.'

Good luck to them. Why they should choose a night flitting when there was nothing in the wide world to prevent their going in the broad daylight was a puzzle.

A lively day that! Poor Harleigh mooned about with the everlasting letter in his hand. All light and sunshine seemed to have gone with Lettie. She had filled every corner with such indefinable sweetness that the natural dulness of the place grew appalling without her.

I managed to get the old gentleman out for a stroll on the hill after lunch. He pricked up his ears at the Dannings' expected flitting, and had half a mind to call and say good-bye to his old friend.

'It will never do, though,' he said, pausing at the top of the street. 'What right have we to suppose they are going? And then—maybe if I did call Carrie would shut the door in my face.'

So back he went, and paced the garden path that commanded the hill until near dinner-time. Dan the gardener came up to me as I walked down to the river.

'Master is sorely put out, sir,' he said. 'I hope there is nothing amiss with Miss Lettie?'

'Nothing, Dan. She will be home presently.'

'Glad to hear it, sir. She wasn't looking well when she started—pale and scared-like.'

'Oh! you saw her?'

'Yes, sir. She came for old Paul's cuttings, and went off with them in a little basket.'

A sudden horror seized me at these words. I turned away abruptly that he might not see my face, but the bare thought that Lettie should have gone down to the creek at this juncture well nigh unmanned me. She had not been heard of since. In a moment I conjured up a thousand perils that she might encounter through Carrie's malice. She would not willingly harm her perhaps, but she, or rather they, might keep her a prisoner—kidnap her, anything, out of pure revenge on me. There was no sort of comfort in poor Harleigh's postscript now. If she had been safe and sound we should have heard from her.

'You are sure Miss Lettie went to the creek, Dan?' I asked as calmly as I could.

'Quite sure about that, sir. She went off with the basket over her arm.'

'Dan,' I said, 'like a good fellow go and harness the pony, and bring him round as quick as you can. See how sharp you can be.' With this I dashed into the house. 'I'm going down to the creek, Captain Harleigh!'

'What!'

'To the creek, sir. There's no time to be lost.'

'To the creek!' he shouted. 'That devil of a woman has bewitched you; you can't shake her off! Man! man!' he cried, jumping up and clutching me with both hands, 'what are you doing? I swear to you, if you play Lettie false you shall suffer as no man has suffered. I'll follow and brand you for a sneak wherever you go. I'll—I'll—'

He stopped suddenly, gasping for breath. The blue glasses were dismantled and stuck anywhere amongst his grey hair. His face was purple. For a moment I thought he would have had a fit.

'Hush! hush!' I said, taking both his hands in mine and pushing him gently into a chair. 'It is for Lettie's sake. Try and believe me.'

'The light of the house—the light of the house!' he murmured piteously.

I pressed his hand, ran from the room, jumped into the pony-chaise, and drove quickly towards the creek. I chose the upper and longer road (the same lane where I had come upon old Paul grubbing among the flowers), as by this your approach was not seen from the cottage. There was a small farmsteading near the end of the lane. There I left the pony-chaise, walked on to the gate at the top of the brae, and looked down on the tower and creek beyond.

The smoke curled up from the cottage just as I had seen it when I was last there, flocks of starlings whirled and wheeled about the martello tower, and the setting sun sent a blood-red bridge across the sea.

The *Folly* was already under way. As she tacked to and fro close to the shore, now black as pitch against the luminous reflection, now all golden in the sunlight, she reminded me very much of Cariña's fitful moods.

No time then though for moralising or solving ugly problems!

My thoughts were with Lettie. Was she on board? I shaded my eyes and kept them on the deck of the vessel. Gradually I could make out Paul's crew of three with their red caps, and then Paul himself. They were busy in making all snug and taut, so an immediate start was meditated. Then suddenly, as the boat tacked, a woman's figure appeared at the top of the companion steps, took a swift look, shading her eyes, to the shore, then disappeared. My heart gave a big leap and seemed to stop. Was it Lettie? The distance was too great to make out this, and it was only a flash one got of her. It was suspicious.

I pulled myself together, took a deep breath, and hurried on at once. There was a deal to be done, and light was fading. I passed Paul's boat, lying like a black-beetle on the shore, went into his garden, and was no sooner round the tower than I came plump upon him and Monsieur Marin. The old villain was planting slips in a box of mould, Marin was looking leisurely on, smoking a cigarette, and there on the ground between them was Lettie's basket.

'Paul,' I said, 'where is Miss Harleigh?'

He uttered an oath, threw away the trowel, and seized the tiller of his boat that lay beside him.

Marin stepped between us.

'Let me answer any questions you may have to put, Mr. Dent,' he said civilly.

'I don't care who answers them; I want to know where Miss Harleigh is, and I intend to know.'

'I know nothing about her,' said Paul.

'No lies!' I said, catching up the basket. 'Look at this.'

'Tell him what you know, Paul.'

'She was here yesterday,' he growled, 'and went away. He knows that fast enough.'

'You hear?' said Marin.

'I hear what he says, but don't believe him. Miss Harleigh is on board the *Folly*.'

'Upon my word, Mr. Dent, you are either very foolish or you must think us so. The other day you dashed into Mill House and said you were searching for Cariña, now you come searching here for Miss Harleigh. We are not children. Surely you can understand it is Cariña's wish to go away unmolested. Let me tell you plainly, too, *I shall see that she does*.'

'Will you take me on board the *Folly*—now, at once?'

'No!'

'Then neither Carrie nor her father shall leave the country. Listen, Marin! I know more than you suppose. I know Pierce Danning's guilt. Now let me tell *you* plainly, if you don't give up Miss Harleigh, I shall denounce him though he is my uncle.'

'So Cariña was right,' he replied quietly. 'You have been lying in wait. It was foolish of you to come here, Mr. Dent.'

'Neither Cariña nor her father shall leave the country,' I repeated doggedly, my blood raging and my fingers itching to be at his throat.

'You threaten, then?' he rejoined, taking a step towards me.

'We are wasting too much time over this business,' said Paul, brandishing the tiller dangerously.

'Steady, steady, Paul!' cried Marin, holding out his hand.

'Steady you are, but that's what he wants!' He struck with all his strength as he spoke, and jammed in as I was between them and the tower, I could not avoid the blow.

Instinctively I threw up Lettie's basket to ward it off, but might as well have tried to stop the express train with an umbrella. The flimsy shield broke the blow a little, but it crashed through it like so much tinder and fell on my head with terrific force. A thousand sparks danced before my eyes, and the next moment I fell all of a heap at their feet.

I was stunned, but not entirely unconscious. I was sensible of being lifted, then half pulled, half carried, up some steps, and there laid tenderly down. A light shone in my face. My head was being bathed, and I knew no more. After a bit, a splitting pain restored me to semi-consciousness, and I managed to raise myself on my elbow and look round.

Could I believe my senses, or had I lost them? I looked and looked again. Yes, sure enough, I was in my old round-tower room at Drufflie. I could not mistake it. There was the little deep window with the moonlight streaming through it, and there was the stone wall circling all round me. I had been propped up on some sacks, my head was bandaged, and an old sail thrown across my legs. There was a jug of water too by my side, from which I succeeded in gulping down a draught, and then fell back again faint and dizzy. The last few years of my life were clean gone—blotted out—I was again spending my Christmas at Drufflie with Lettie, and so thoroughly and completely did this idea take hold of me, so convinced was I that I was in the Fraser's old grey round tower, that the sudden crunch of wheels upon the shingle outside seemed quite a natural and expected occurrence.

Thoroughly dazed, I managed to stagger up and drag myself to the window. Yes, sure enough, there was the shining moonlit lake stretching away before me, and there was the ghostly carriage with the steaming horses, the black driver on the box, and Red Fraser and his wife inside.

Stay! Was it Red Fraser or Uncle Pierce? Was it Red Fraser's wife or Carrie?

The dress, the figure, the whole bearing was Carrie's, but to my horror and amazement, when her hood fell back for a moment the moonlight fell on the pale face of Pierce Danning's dead wife! I clutched the iron rail with both hands, pressed my splitting head upon it, and strained my eyes to the utmost. Now it was Red Fraser and his wife, now Uncle Pierce and his wife. The past and the present jumbled themselves up into an inexplicable living drama that was being enacted below me. Black figures flitted to and fro, and presently the ghostly carriage resolved itself into Paul's boat, which shot away out to sea with Uncle Pierce and his wife in the stern. Dimmer and dimmer it got, till suddenly the *Folly* swooped down like a huge night-bird and swallowed them up.

Sick, cold, and faint, with the blood streaming down my face, I clung to the bar, praying mutely for my reason, praying too in all my misery and despair for my darling's safety.

Then I lost my hold and all was blank.

CHAPTER XIV.

CARRIE WRITES A LETTER.

I WOKE with all my wits about me. I was lying on a truckle bed in a small whitewashed room, with everything in it as clean and neat as a new penny. The small diamond-paned windows were open. A row of geraniums stood on the sill nodding their heads to the sea breeze and making dancing shadows on the dimity curtains. The floor was bleached white with continual scrubbing and holy-stoning. A couple of coloured scriptural prints hung on either side of the window, and a suppressed murmur of voices came from the adjoining room. One of these pictures, which showed how a very small blue David had just slain a huge red Goliath by making a symmetrical hole in the very centre of his forehead, made me put

my hand up to my bandaged head. Through sheer weakness though, I sighed and let it fall. Slight as the movement was, it must have been heard in the next room, for the half-closed door was cautiously opened and Mrs. Maxton's head peeped in.

'You're better, Henry?' she said, coming tiptoe to my bed.

'Lettie! Lettie!' I murmured.

'Hsh! she is here!'

And the next moment my queen in all her fresh beauty stood before me.

'Thank God!' I cried, holding my arms out. She knelt by my side.

'Can you forgive me, Harry?' she whispered.

'Darling!' said I, drawing her face close to mine and keeping it there, 'thank God you are safe! Tell me all about it.'

'No, no—not yet, Harry. Dr. Joyce orders no talking. He will be here directly. You are to have some beef-tea and go to sleep.'

I could be as patient as a mouse now I knew she was safe, so I swallowed the soup brought me by no less a person than the silent Beccy, had a nap, and when old Joyce came was able to be propped up and listen without murmuring to a disquisition on scalp wounds.

'You have lost a deal of blood,' he said, strapping me up, 'but you'll be none the worse for that in a day or two. Precious near the temporal artery, though; a narrow shave. I expect that basket saved your life after all. There! you are comfortable now, and Miss Lettie here may tell you all about it.'

This was her story.

The first thing that upset her was my aunt's letter, entreating her to consider my position with Carrie, and begging her not to stand in the way of an old family quarrel being healed. The letter was kind, but that was the text. Then came Miss Harriett Fraser, who did not stick at trifles in carrying out her orders. By dint of lies and appeals, and withholding my letters, she induced Lettie to think it would be a righteous self-sacrifice for her to go away. She took the poor distracted girl's box with her from Willow Bank in the 'Bugle' trap, and the next day Lettie walked to Southampton by the creek, took the train there, and joined her at Camberwell. There Mrs. Maxton found her and brought her home.

It was past ten o'clock at night when Penney's driver brought them a pencilled note saying I had met with an accident in the martello tower. Dr. Joyce had a similar one, and Monsieur Marin had given the man a couple of sovereigns to deliver them quickly.

By his orders, too, Beccy had looked after me, and right tenderly she did it. It was she who bathed my head, covered me up, and placed water by my side. When the cavalcade came down from the village headed by Mr. Penney himself, I was carefully moved to the bed she had prepared for me in the cottage. Such was Miss Lettie's short story, which I made her spin out into a very long one. In fact, we had several chapters of it, for she and her aunt, Bizzy, work, and all came down to the breezy little cottage every day. I used to watch for the basket carriage and could see it coming half a mile off along the beach. Sometimes Harleigh himself would come, sing out cheerily in his quarterdeck voice, and smoke his cheroot on the shore.

One day I spied a strange form in the chaise, and presently, lo and behold, in walked my aunt, Mrs. Dent Fraser! Lettie had written and actually induced the old lady to take the journey. She stopped with them a couple of days. We talked Danning a little—but a very little.

'They will believe me by-and-by, Henry,' she said to me the day before she went back to London, 'and I suppose I must be content with that. It can't be long. I did my best, and I believe you did yours. At all events you have done well in winning Lettie. You have made me happy about that. 'Harry,' she whispered, with a suspicion of a tear in her eye as she said good-bye, 'Harry, I have never seen any girl like her before.'

When she left I went to Willow Bank, and I should like to know what happier time a man could spend than in being convalescent in that cosy home, with nothing in the world the matter with him but a pleasing lassitude and a prodigious appetite? Small blame to him if he malingered a bit.

A cloud went out of the village with the Dannings. One could live, breathe, and enjoy life now. The Harleighs clung to them through thick and thin. The dear happy-minded old gentleman implicitly believed there was a good time coming for them, and that by-and-by they would be brushing up Mill House. He believed now that that fellow Marin had been at the bottom of a good deal of it. Neither he nor Lettie would hear one word against them. I kept my suspicions to myself and their name was seldom mentioned. The mystery and muddle, though, was still unsolved. I had a lively souvenir from old Paul whereby to remember the creek, but there was one point connected with it that insisted on worrying me, *Who was there that night?* It was not Carrie. It must have been she who was on board the *Folly*. At first I put it off as some hallu-

cination caused by the crack in my head, but I never thought of that night without the dead woman's pale face in the moonlight fixing itself upon me with unswerving and persistent reality. I asked the driver, who was very full of Marin's liberal *douceur*, about it. 'Well,' said he, 'now you speak of it, Mr. Dent, I did think Miss Carrie had grown terrible old and haggard like all of a sudden. 'Spect the poor lady was in a peck of trouble.'

In a few days I was able to mount a horse and ride by Lettie's side. We rode to the creek and saw Beccy working hard in the garden, and putting Paul's plants away under scraps of glass shades that were hidden away in the most unexpected places. 'He'll know where to find 'em,' said she.

In her way she was glad to see us, and I owed her a good turn for her kind nursing. She would not let us go into Mill House, though! No! that was to be kept locked till the master returned.

We took the boat and went over the garden. More tangled and weedy than ever. Lettie went up to the house and peeped through the dusty panes, but turned away with a shudder at the look of the bare mildewy walls.

'Poor Carrie!' she sighed.

'Say what you like, and pity her as you like, Lettie,' said I, 'but for all that she was a most unnatural person.'

'Don't say that, Harry. She never had a chance. Think what she has gone through. She was brought up on the old hatred, and her love for her father intensified it. She gave up everything in the world for him. We don't know how much she has suffered.'

How much she had suffered and how much she had gone through will be best seen by a letter that came to us a fortnight after she had left. I remember Lettie bringing it into the garden and handing it to me with a scared tear-stained face, and so remarkable was it, so full too of extraordinary disclosures, that it is best given in full.

'When this reaches you, Lettie, we shall be far apart, but don't forget me! Keep me a place in your heart, dearest, for I shall never see Broxford again. Ah, Lettie, what must you have thought of me—you, who are the only girl friend I have in the world? I don't dare think of the past few weeks. You must have thought me mad. Perhaps I was. You shall judge for yourself, for I am now by my husband's desire going to tell you everything.'

'The word *husband* will surprise you, so I may as well begin by telling you I was married to Monsieur Marin before I started for

England this last time. He says, "*If I now keep the silence I had planned, that our enemy will not hesitate to accuse my father of a monstrous crime.*"

'Ah, Lettie, if you but knew my father as I know him! So far above other men—the best! the noblest!

'That a Dent should now dare accuse the most loving and gentle of men of a foul crime is only another proof of the malice with which they have pursued us.

'I know you would sooner bear a pang than that I should fail in being frank with you now. I must give you a hard pang, dear.

'*I hated and distrusted Henry Dent from the first, and I hate and distrust him now.*

'I was singing at Naples when Paul came to fetch me home. My mother had died suddenly, he said, and my father was dangerously ill. I cancelled all my engagements at once. Monsieur Marin managed it. He had been the truest of friends, and we were married the very day that I started back with Paul. When I got to Broxford I found my mother alive and well, but there was an awful trouble in the house. Dr. Joyce had been attending her for what he called syncope, or severe fainting fits. Whatever it was, it puzzled and alarmed him, and one day so prolonged and so death-like was the attack, that when he came in hurriedly he pronounced her dead.

'My father was alone with her. Directly Dr. Joyce left, he locked the door and sat down by her side.

'You can vouch for one thing, Lettie. You know my father loved my mother with all the strength of his tender heart. They were lovers always. Inseparable! And now the separation was so sudden that for a long time he sat stunned by the violence of the blow.

'An almost imperceptible tremor of the hand that he held in his made him jump up and look in my mother's face. She breathed. He poured some brandy into her mouth and watched eagerly. Gradually the colour came back to her lips, her eyes opened, she recognised him with a smile, and in half an hour had quite recovered from her trance and was listening to Dr. Joyce's mistake.

'*"Husband!"* she said, after a long pause, "*if I had died you would have got 2,000*l*.*"

'This began it. He laughed; laughed at first in the very joy of his heart at its not being true, but she harped upon it and he fell in with her whim. Then the whim grew and grew, so exciting and fascinating them in its growth that at last it fashioned

itself into the foolish resolve of taking advantage of Dr. Joyce's blunder. It was the perfect ease and security with which it could be done that was the fatal temptation. No one knew the truth but they. The solitary servant-girl dare not for very fright go near the room, and with the doctor's certificate all could be easily managed. So, alas, it was.

'Paul and his wife were summoned from the creek, and with their aid everything was arranged, and a mock funeral actually gone through. No sooner, though, was the horrible farce over than the punishment began. They repented when too late! "We have done a foolish thing," my mother said. "We won't touch the money; it would burn us. Say nothing about it. Let us go back to my old home and forget it."

'So the servant was dismissed. Beccy kept the house, and Paul was despatched in hot haste for me. When I arrived I found my father's health shattered from long attendance on my mother. He had flown to opium too. I saw at once we must get away. Get away quickly, too, unknown to anybody. It was Paul who thought of the boat. She was purchased, and I wrote urgently to my husband for money. He was travelling and there was delay. Then it was that Henry Dent appeared, and Henry Dent meant danger.

'What more likely than that Mrs. Dent Fraser, our implacable enemy, had heard we were in some trouble and had sent him down to keep watch? My father thought differently. I had not told him of my marriage. He thought Henry was attracted by me. I knew better. I knew there was danger in his presence, and determined to get rid of him at all hazards. I tried everything; pity, cajolery, threats. No use. He listened, promised, and broke his word. Ah, Lettie, what wretched days those were. My father got worse, but my mother, strange to say, better. She chafed at her imprisonment, and would sometimes steal down into the garden when darkness set in.

'There Henry nearly caught her the evening I came to you. My husband had come to us that day, and I could scarcely contain my joy when I was with you, so great was the relief in having a strong arm to lean upon. He saw that Henry Dent must be got rid of, and the only way to get rid of him then was to get rid of you, dear! Miss Harriett Fraser came, and in her he found a willing dupe. They managed it between them, and, Lettie, you must forgive him.

'I went on board overnight. I passed your house in the dark

and wished you a last good-bye, dear, though I knew you were in London. My mother drove down the next evening, dressed in my clothes, and we got off safely.

‘For your sake, Lettie, we are sorry that any harm came to Henry Dent. My husband was not quick enough to prevent it, but he is sorry, and wishes me to express his sorrow. Henry brought it on himself, though. Had he kept his word it could not have happened, and I should have been spared the humiliation of writing this confession.

‘Can you forgive me, dear? Blame me if you will, but don’t blame my father. If you have one spark of love left for me, never think ill of him. Remember how sorely they were pressed for money. He had been unfortunate with all I had sent him. Remember, too, the old times when as girls he used to take us both to the shore and there stop with us happy and contented for hours. Remember this, Lettie! Don’t hear a word against him, for the sake of your loving friend,

‘CARRIE.’

There was a rare hubbub in the village, for Monsieur Marin had written to the Registrar, enclosing a formal acknowledgment from Captain Pierce Danning of having deceived him. Dr. Joyce was hauled over the coals. The Home Secretary was written to, the coffin was exhumed, and the truth verified.

To me, after my dark doubts and suspicions, all this, bad as it was, brought welcome relief. To most it brought a thrill of horror. That such a grim deed could have been done in their very midst filled the peaceful community with consternation and alarm. There was no one to punish either, that was the worst of it. No one even to bear the blame, and Dr. Joyce, so far from being one bit crestfallen or disturbed by the storm of sarcastic abuse with which the *Lancet* and the rest of the medical press assailed him, positively revelled in the notoriety, and forthwith set to work at an exhaustive monograph on syncope.

After Carrie’s letter, Lettie determined to take the Dent and Danning business into her own hands, and prove herself the beneficent fairy who would heal the long-standing feud, and bring a lasting peace between the families. Love works wonders. It gives strength and patience to the weak, and leads truth by the hand through closed doors. She had a way of her own in managing people. So when my lady went for her visit to Montague Place she actually succeeded in getting my aunt to write a long letter

to Carrie. I have reason to believe that Miss Lettie composed that letter herself. I never saw it, and don't know what was in it. I know, though, that it did what I had vainly been trying to do for weeks and weeks. It touched Carrie's heart. It melted the icy barrier behind which she had hidden her better self, and softened her enough to call forth an acknowledgment that she had been mistaken in us. It was not until her father's death, though, that she voluntarily wrote a frank letter to my aunt, saying that she no longer bore any enmity towards us, and that thanks to Lettie the Dent and Danning feud was dead.

So were my sleep trances! Such unhealthy nonsense could not exist now. Lettie's pure love had routed and killed it for ever.

When I did spend the promised Christmas at Broxford Lettie was my wife. Mr. Fraser was there from Drufflie. Dr. Joyce was busy answering the press criticisms on his monograph on syncope, and Beccy was still at the creek taking charge of Paul's flowers.

We had to break the ice to get the boat up to the Mill House garden. King Winter had stripped the trees and levelled the late hollyhocks and dahlias. All the old quarrels, fears, and heartburnings that belonged to the place seemed to have been buried in the pure carpet of snow that covered them. Snow lay heavily on the big branches, the bared twigs glistened in the sun, and even the old house itself was made beautiful.

Everything recalled Carrie so vividly to our minds though, that when the Christmas chimes burst out we could almost hear her glorious voice leading the chorus of peace and goodwill to all men.

THE END.

At the Sign of the Ship.

THE death of Mr. Matthew Arnold is more than a loss to English literature, it is a personal loss to all who knew him, even slightly. A telegram of five words, in the *Venezia*, a little evening paper, was the first news of this misfortune which reached me, at the Venice station, and for days (when one could not get an English journal) one hoped against hope that the tidings were false. He always had seemed so strong and so young, the youngest man of his years in England. He had been a happy man, in spite of deep regrets about public affairs, and bereavements that could try no heart more than his. But his nature was joyous, though perhaps no one would guess it from his poetry. Even in youth, as in that wonderful poem 'Resignation,' published in 'The Strayed Reveller' thirty-nine years ago, he had found, as it were, the bottom of speculations on life, and had made up his mind to live with little aid from hope. But a natural buoyancy kept him glad of heart. As he said of himself, he was always a 'Barbarian,' when he had the chance to use rod and gun. 'M. has gone out fishing,' says Clough in one of his letters, written during a reading party, when 'M.' should have been deep in Thucydides and Aristophanes. I trust there is no harm in mentioning that he could wile trout out of the water, and large trout from the difficult streams of Switzerland, where local anglers despaired. 'What is it to grow old?' he asks (*New Poems*, 1867), and he never learned the answer. He never found out what it was

to spend long days
And not once feel that we were ever young,

nor

To hear the world applaud the hollow ghost
Which blamed the living man.

As Mr. Swinburne said, in the *Tombeau de Théophile Gautier*, he has

Gone forth before old age, before his day.

He was a boy to the last—above all, if the story be true that his death followed soon after leaping a fence in the gladness of his inexhaustible spirits. Like those whom the Gods love, he died young, πολλοῖσι βάρυς περ ἐὼν ἐνιαυτοῖς, ‘despite the weight of many years.’ His ‘Wish’ in the poem of that name (*New Poems*, p. 151) was partly fulfilled, ‘half of the prayer Zeus granted, the rest he scattered to the winds.’

Spare me the whispering, crowded room,
The friends who come, and gape, and go,
The ceremonious air of gloom—
All that makes death a hideous show.

All this was he spared, but he had not that last view of nature for which he asked—

Let me be,
While all around in silence lies,
Moved to the window near, and see
Once more before my dying eyes
Bathed in the sacred dews of morn
The wide aerial landscape spread—
The world which was ere I was born,
The world which lasts when I am dead.

That he missed, who had a better fortune, who never had time to feel ‘death’s winnowing wing,’ and who, like the Œdipous of Sophocles, may almost be said, so sudden was his release, to have passed away without learning ‘Life’s last lesson, how we die.’

* * *

One does not feel inclined, at this moment, to ‘reckon up’ and criticise the work of Mr. Arnold. I would regret it little if he had never spoken about affairs, if his impracticable wisdom and wit had never touched the questions of Ireland, of Religion, and the rest. What was good for him, what perhaps would be good for all, was manifestly unacceptable to this wise world, which hates wit, which detests looking at things as they are, and which thus insensibly makes them different. Delightful as his earlier literary criticism, and stimulating as all his literary criti-

cism is, one cannot pretend that it was always free from oddities and errors. His belief in English hexameters, his belief in M. Scherer, his indifference to French poetry, or most French poetry, his attachment to Byron, were all hard for the next generation to understand. But he was something a great deal better and rarer than a critic; he was a poet, nor do I think the world yet knows how beautiful, and true, and all but flawless a poet he was. The hurried notices that have been written of him since his death do not appear to me to recognise his excellence. It is a great pleasure to remember, what he once or twice told me, that one's own poor remarks on his verse, with those of two critics of another calibre, Mr. Swinburne and Mr. Hutton, had helped greatly to bring readers to his poems. Perhaps I am a fanatic. If we are to class poets as in an examination, I would not place Mr. Arnold with Lord Tennyson, and it is really impossible to compare him with Mr. Browning. But probably he was to me what Wordsworth had been to him. There are 'cities of the soul,' every one has his own, abiding places which may not be more beautiful than others, but are, to this or that man, more winning, and more dear. To this man it will be Venice, to another Rome, to a third Paris, to a fourth Oxford, and so on, as it chances. And so there are poets about whom any of us may feel that they are *his* poets, as Mr. Browning has his own star. Mr. Arnold was that poet to me; perhaps he is to many; he has made life more beautiful to see, and more easy, perhaps, to live with. But may be they are few who find him so akin to their desires, for his critics, as a rule, appear to look on his verse as all but secondary in the work of his life.

* * *

Mr. Arnold was not, as almost every poet worth naming has been, wholly a man of leisure; far from that. Hence, I suppose, after he must 'into the world and wave of men depart,' he wrote little poetry. He told me that he found it impossible, or nearly impossible, when his various duties had to be done. I know not if he has left any work in manuscript, nor even whether 'Lucretius, an Unpublished Tragedy,' exists, and will see the light. Four lines from it appear as a motto to *Thyrsis*—

Thus yesterday, to-day, to-morrow come,
They hustle one another and they pass;
But all our hustling morrows only make
The smooth to-day of God.

Probably he has left few lyrics or occasional pieces. Things like 'Geist's Grave' (not written without tears) were too eagerly demanded by editors to be kept long in portfolios. Years ago, when writing about Mr. Arnold in an American serial, I ventured to adjure him in the words of the Goat-herd to Thyrsis—

πόταγ', ὦ γαθέ τὰν γὰρ αἰοδῶν
 Οὔτι πα εἰς Ἀΐδαν γε τὸν ἐκλελάθοντα φυλαξεῖς.

'Begin, my friend, for be sure thou canst in no wise carry thy song with thee to Hades that puts music out of mind.'¹ I know not if Mr. Arnold kept any of his songs for Hades; at least he did not, as Pindar was warned in a dream that *he* had done, neglect to honour with his verse the dread Persephone.

Alas for Corydon, no rival now!

But when Sicilian shepherds lost a mate,
 Some good survivor with his flute would go
 Piping a ditty sad for Bion's fate,
 And cross the unpermitted ferry's flow,
 And relax Pluto's brow.

And make leap up with joy the beauteous head
 Of Proserpine, among whose crowned hair
 Are flowers first opened on Sicilian air,
 And flute his friend, like Orpheus, from the dead.

O easy access to the hearer's grace,
 When Dorian shepherds sang to Proserpine;
 For she herself had trod Sicilian fields,
 She knew the Dorian water's gush divine,
 She knew each lily white which Enna yields,
 Each rose with blushing face;
 She loves the Dorian pipe, the Dorian strain,
 But ah, of our poor Thames she never heard!
 Her foot the common cowslips never stirred,
 And we should tease her with our plaint in vain.

Of Thames she now has heard, 'the fairy Queen Proserpina,' and her banished deity may have gathered the common cowslips. But *we* shall tease the Muse 'with our plaint in vain' for long, before she sends us such another poet.

* * *

It has been said, and perhaps correctly, that Mr. Arnold's

¹ Or, as M. Jules Girard puts it, in that delightful Theocritus of his, 'Allons, mon cher, sans doute tu ne veux pas le garder pour Hadès, le Dieu de l'oubli.' To readers who have no Greek this charming pocket version of the Sicilian may be recommended (Jouaust, Paris, 1888).

manner was at first unattractive. It is not easy to describe that dignified airiness (it was not 'jaunty,' as Principal Shairp says in his poem on 'Balliol Scholars') which was Mr. Arnold's manner—at least in the world. There was something a little elegiac in his graces, tempered with a great deal of humour, and not concealing the kindest of hearts. The last of men from whom one would have expected such conduct, he suffered bores gladly, above all if the bores were young, and obscure, and poor. Once a remote rural bore thought it worth his valuable while to make me his victim, writing long letters full of havers and yearning little ambitions. I knew that he also bestowed much of his tedium on Mr. Arnold, and I asked him how he endured it, and why he did not break the bonds of this tenacious person. But it seemed that he had not the heart to leave the letters unanswered (as I confess I did presently); he *might* have done it, he thought, when he was younger. His kindness to helpless and hopeless poor poets was beautiful, and carried him to the length of finding merit in work where, at most, nothing was good but the intention. But for disposing of the innumerable legions of volumes sent to him by more prosperous and pretentious minor poets, on this and the other side of the Atlantic, he had a method of his own. 'Replies' to him (and there were myriads of 'Replies' on religious questions) he—well, he did not put them in the front of his bookshelves. Doubtless his opponents, had they known all, would have thought that Aristotle correctly defined the wit of Mr. Arnold when he said that wit was 'cultivated impertinence.' But his method died with him, and where can we look for his gay defiance and his airy *ὕβρις*?

* * *

Even if Mr. Arnold has not left more poems, and it 'Lucretius' is never to be known to us, save, like a lost play of Æschylus, in one short fragment, it is impossible but that there must be materials for a most valuable Life and Letters. People may be excused for desiring this, as Mr. Arnold's life would not be a mere string of names, 'I dined with the Laceys, and met Jenkins and Dixon,' and so forth; not a collection of anecdotes in the manner of Captain Sumph, not a hash of the tattle of dead politics, like so many biographies. His literary remains must be of another value, in another style, and rich in humour, in fancy, and in thought. Nor does it seem that there will be any difficulty in finding an adequate Editor and Biographer, using the

word 'adequate' in the full sense of the slang meaning it had when Clough and Arnold, when Corydon and Thyrsis, were boys at Rugby and at Balliol. And this reminds one of a regret. Balliol has provided her Hall with portraits of her more illustrious children—for example, of the Speaker, as any one may see in Mr. Herkomer's canvas at this year's Academy. When I was asked for what it is usual to call my 'mite' or contribution towards the cost of this agreeable work, I said I would rather give a much weightier mite for a portrait of Mr. Arnold. And now it is too late. Perhaps the College may not forget that among her children there is yet one living poet, Mr. Swinburne, and may be wiser this time.

* * *

I do not care to add to the burden of the *Ship* this month any of the usual frivolities, though tempted by a rondeau of Central Africa, with a native burden, and by other pleasing wares that have been contributed. But there is room for a Scotch poem on 'The Myth of the Ship of the Dead,' which Procopius, if I err not, speaks of—that barque that, rowed by mortal oarsmen, carried the ghosts to their own isle among the sea-mists. The poem is by Mr. Graham R. Tomson.

DEID FOLKS' FERRY.

'Tis They, of a veritie,
 They are calling thin an' shrill;
 We maun rise an' put to sea,
 We maun gie the deid their will,
 We maun ferry them owre the faem
 For they draw us as they list,
 We maun bear the deid folk hame
 Through the mirk an' the saft sea-mist.

'But how can I gang the nicht,
 When I'm new come hame frae sea?
 When my heart is sair for the sicht
 O' my lass that lang's for me?'
 'O your lassie lies asleep,
 An' sae do ye're bairnies twa,
 The cliff-path's stey an' steep,
 An' the deid folk cry an' ca.'

O sae hooly steppit we,
 For the nicht was mirk an' lown,
 Wi' never a sign to see,
 But the voices all aroun' ;
 We laid to the saut sea-shore,
 An' the boat dipped low i' th' tide
 As she micht hae dipped wi' a score,
 An' our ain three sel's beside.

O the boat she settled low,
 Till her gunwale kissed the faem,
 An' she didna loup nor row
 As she bare the deid folk hame,
 But she aye gaed swift an' licht,
 An' we naething saw nor wist
 Wha sailed i' th' boat that nicht
 Through the mirk an' the saft sea-mist.

There was never a sign to see,
 But a misty shore an' low,
 Never a word spak' we
 But the boat she lightened slow,
 An' a cauld sigh stirred my hair,
 An' a cauld hand touched my wrist,
 An' my heart sank cauld an' sair
 I' the mirk an' the saft sea-mist.

Then the wind raise up wi' a maen ;
 ('Twas a waefu' wind, an' weet),
 Like a deid saul wud wi' pain,
 Like a bairnie wild wi' freit ;
 But the boat rade swift an' licht,
 Sae we wan the land fu' sune,
 An' the shore showed wan an' white
 By a glint o' the waning mune.

We steppit oot owre the sand
 Where an' unco tide had been,
 An' Black Donald caught my hand
 An' coverit up his e'en :
 For there, in the wind an' weet,
 Or ever I saw nor wist,
 My Jean an' her weans lay cauld at my feet,
 In the mirk an' the saft sea-mist.

AT THE SIGN OF THE SHIP.

An' it's O for my bonny Jean !
 An it's O for my bairnies twa,
 It's O an' O for the watchet e'en
 An' the steps that are gane awa'—
 Awa' to the Silent Place
 Or ever I saw nor wist,
 Though I wot we twa went face to face
 Through the mirk an' the saft sea-mist. G. R. T.

ANDREW LANG.

The 'Donna.'

THE EDITOR begs to acknowledge the receipt of the following sums. Contributions received after May 8 will be acknowledged in the July number.

A Poor Parson 10s. Mrs. Bowker 10s. Mrs. Phillips 20s. V. W. S. 3s.
 Anon. 1s. Mrs. J. H. Thompson 5s. Edith 20s. L. K. C. 4s. 6d. A Parcel of
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